THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

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SKETCH

OF THE

MEMOIRS OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

IN the profecution of our periodical labours, we would wiſh to delineate meritorious characters of every deſcription. No party ſpirit ſhall pollute our ſelection, no unjuſt partiality ſhall ever induce us to proſtitute our pen in deſcribing or celebrating talents and virtues, which are not, in ſome degree, ſanctioned by public approbation. The *Bench of Biſhops* is not without its ornaments—a WATSON we have already preſented to the reader, and a PORTEUS ſhall now adorn our Miſcellany.

DR. PORTEUS, the preſent Biſhop of London, was born in the North of England, ſome ſay Yorkſhire, though reſpecting this circumſtance we can make no poſitive declarations. Nor are we certain at what place he received his grammar learning, an eſſential pre-requiſite for the univerſity. This branch of neceſſary learning, however, was not by any means neglected; for no deficiency was ever remarked at college, and the writings which he has laid before the public, are diſtinguiſhed for their claſſical accuracy.

When he reached thoſe years at which young men are uſually ſent to college, he went to Cambridge, and remained there for a conſiderable period. In 1752 he took his degree of A. B. for which he was well fitted by the intenſeneſs of his application to every branch of his ſtudies. Soon after, as a proof of his proficiency, he obtained the medal given for the beſt *claſſical eſſay*, by the Duke of Newcaſtle, then Chancellor of the Univerſity. Such rewards ſtimulate exertion, and contribute highly to the improvement of the ſtudents. They rouſe the languid powers of the mind into action; they impart a wholeſome vigour to the intellect, which, otherwiſe, might have ſunk into a deadly lethargy. The generoſity of the patron merits high commendation, and to the induſtrious pupil it is a matter of important conſideration. The ſucceſsful candidate, therefore, muſt experience an heartfelt gratification.

In 1755, he proceeded to take his degree of M. A. and in 1759 he ſecured the *Seatonian Prize*, by his poetical eſſay on DEATH. It is pretty much known and admired. Some lines are beautiful and expreſſive beyond the ordinary energies of poetry. We ſhall therefore, ſelect a few paſſages, with which the reader of taſte will be gratified.

The poem opens with an apoſtrophe to Death, who, is thus affectingly delineated—

> ——— Deep in a murky cave's receſs,
> Lav'd by oblivion's liſtleſs ſtream, and fenc'd
> By ſhelving rocks and intermingled horrors
> Of yew and cypreſs ſhade, from all intruſion
> Of buſy noon-tide beam, the *monarch* ſits
> In unſubſtantial majeſty enthron'd!

The miniſters of *death*, by which he is encircled, are then characteriſed with an appropriate ſimplicity:

> At his right hand, neareſt himſelf in place
> And frightfulneſs of form, his parent, *ſin*,

With

With fatal induſtry and cruel care,
Buſies herſelf in pointing all his ſtings,
And tipping every ſhaft with venom, drawn
From her infernal ſtore: around him rang'd,
In terrible array, and mixture ſtrange,
Of uncouth ſhapes, ſtand his dread miniſters.
Foremoſt *Old Age*, his natural ally
And firmeſt friend; next him DISEASES thick,
A motly train; *Fever*, with cheek of fire,
Conſumption wan; *Palſy*, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing *Gout*
And ever-gnawing *Rheum*; *Convulſion* wild,
Swoln *Dropſy*, panting *Aſthma*, *Apoplexy*
Full gorg'd. There too the *Peſtilence* that walks
In darkneſs, and the *Sickneſs* that deſtroys
At broad noon-day. Theſe, and a thouſand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when,
By heaven's command DEATH waves his ebon wand;
Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
And ſcatter deſolation o'er the earth!

From this horrible picture of human miſery, let us turn our attention to a ſcene of an oppoſite deſcription: it is that of the Patriarch before the flood, when the ſpan of life was not dwindled into *threeſcore years and ten*.

Not then, as ſince the ſhort-liv'd ſons of men
Flock'd to *his* realms in countleſs multitudes;
Scarce in the courſe of twice five hundred years
One ſolitary ghoſt went ſhivering down
To *his* unpeopled ſhore. In ſober ſtate,
Through the ſequeſtered vale of rural life,
The venerable PATRIARCH guileleſs held
The tenor of his way; labour prepar'd
His ſimple fare, and temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He ſunk to ſudden reſt; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as ſweet
Were all his ſlumbers; with the ſun he roſe,
Alert and vigorous as HE to run

His deſtin'd courſe. Thus nerv'd with giant ſtrength,
He ſtemm'd the tide of time and ſtood the ſhock
Of ages, rolling harmleſs o'er his head!
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he ſtood,
And looking round, ſaw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus ſcattered o'er the earth,
Along the gentle ſlope of life's decline,
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave!

The nature and deſolation of WAR are energetically depicted by the Poet; and his expreſſions on the ſubject are ſtriking and impreſſive: ſpeaking of the murder of Abel by Cain, he thus proceeds:

——————*One* murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and *numbers* ſanctify'd the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? why delight
In human ſacrifice? Why burſt the ties
Of nature that ſhould knit their ſouls together
In one ſoft band of amity and love?
Yet ſtill they breathe deſtruction—ſtill go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life—new horrors for the grave.
Artificers of death! ſtill monarchs dream
Of univerſal empire growing up
From univerſal ruin. Blaſt the deſign
Great God of Hoſts! nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's ſhrine!

The following ſketch of *youth* is maſterly, and the latter part full of inſtruction.

Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the STRIPLING darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe.
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore,
Where virtue takes her ſtand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,

Sudden

Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O ſad but ſure miſchance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe! mid Indian wilds,
A breathleſs corſe, cut off by ſavage hands
In earlieſt prime, a generous ſacrifice
To freedom's holy cauſe—than ſo to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and diſeaſe!

The concluſion of the Poem is truly exquiſite, and cannot fail of pleaſing every reader of ſenſibility:

Let DEATH approach—I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O! rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his ſtroke;
And at that hour, when all aghaſt I ſtand,
(A trembling candidate for thy compaſſion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my ſoul ſtarting from the dark unknown,
Caſts back a wiſhful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair ſcene—from all her 'cuſtom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then ſhed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentleſt of thy looks! Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then ſtarting up,
Plant themſelves round my couch in grim array,
And ſtab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Senſe of paſt guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghaſtly crew! And in their ſtead
Let cheerful memory, from her pureſt cells,
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cheriſh'd in earlieſt youth, now paying back,
With ten-fold uſury, the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conſcious innocence. But chiefly thou,
Whom ſoft-ey'd pity once led down from heav'n,
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live;
And oh! ſtill harder leſſon—how to die!
Diſdain not thou to ſmooth the reſtleſs bed

Of ſickneſs and of pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops—calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt ſoul, anticipating heav'n,
Burſts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And, on the wing of extacy upborne,
Spring into liberty, and light, and life!

From theſe liberal ſpecimens, we are authorized to declare, that this little Poem diſplays conſiderable merit and ability. With us it has always been a favourite; it is indeed a gloomy ſubject, but conducted in a manner that imparts real ſatisfaction.

In 1761 a ſermon of Dr. Porteus' recommended him to the patronage of Archbiſhop Secker, who was particularly inſtrumental in forwarding his advancement in life. This great man died in 1768, and in 1770, the ſubject of our Memoir preſented the world with his life. This piece of biography is pleaſingly written—an amiable gratitude pervades it—and its author has acquitted himſelf with ſucceſs and ability. He was chaplain to the Archbiſhop, and has paid a handſome tribute of reſpect to his memory. Dr. Hurd, Biſhop of Worceſter, thought proper, in his life of the haughty Warburton, to caſt ſome reflections on Secker, becauſe, forſooth, he was not an admirer of the Divine Legation. We ſmile at the offence. Dr. Porteus, however, has, on this account, thought proper, lately, to re-publiſh his Life of Secker, as a ſeparate piece; for, originally, it was prefixed to the Archbiſhop's Works.

It ſhould have been mentioned, that about the year 1766, Dr. Porteus was preſented to the living of Hunton, in Kent. In 1777 (it is ſaid, by the influence of her Majeſty) he was raiſed to the Bench, being made Biſhop of Cheſter, where he continued with great reputation, till, upon the death of that eminent prelate, Dr. Lowth, in 1787, he was elevated to the ſee of London.

That Dr. Porteus ſhould have been deemed a proper perſon

perſon to ſucceed Lowth, is an indiſputable proof that his talents and virtues are of the ſuperior kind. For his predeceſſor was an excellent ſcholar, a judicious divine, and a ſincere Chriſtian. His Engliſh grammar, his Sermon at Durham, in 1759, and his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, are works which will convey his well-earn'd fame to poſterity.

But we are not barely to infer the ſuperior excellence of this prelate from the intrinſic merit of his predeceſſor. This is a teſtimony on which we cannot rely with certainty. We refer, therefore, moſt cheerfully, to his writings. His Poem we have analyſed by copious extracts. His proſe compoſitions conſiſt of two volumes of Sermons, and various Charges to his Clergy. Their nature and tendency ſhall be briefly characterized.

The *Sermons* are fine models of compoſition, containing, at the ſame time, perſpicuous explications of doctrine, and an energetic enforcement of precepts. We have read them with pleaſure. The ſubjects are important, the language elegant but unaffected, and the ſpirit by which the ſeveral diſcourſes are animated, is congenial with the purity and benevolence of the Chriſtian diſpenſation. The ſermon on the *Love of God*, and the ſermon to *Young People, on Sober-mindedneſs*, are maſter-pieces of the kind—they do equal honour to the underſtanding and the heart.

The *Charges* are highly creditable to the Prelate in his official capacity, they breathe an ardent deſire for promoting the uſefulneſs of his clergy, and diſplay a laudable zeal for advancing the beſt intereſts of religion,

So great indeed is his activity in promoting the cauſe of Chriſtianity, that with a view to the infidelity of modern times, he delivered a ſeries of lectures at St. James's Church, during the ſeaſon of Lent, 1798. We know ſeveral perſons who were much gratified on the occaſion.

We

We cannot close this Sketch of DR. BEILBY PORTEUS, without noticing that amiable spirit of moderation for which he has been uniformly distinguished. He has never been known to have made harsh speeches against those who differ from him in religious sentiment. Among the traits of excellence in the conduct of Archbishop Secker, his Lordship particularly mentions,—"That though firmly attached to the Church of England, and ready on all proper *occasions* to defend its discipline and doctrines with becoming spirit, yet it never inspired him with any desire to oppress or aggrieve those of a different way of thinking, or to depart from the principles of religious liberty." This is a truly Christian model, after which we believe our amiable Prelate has strove to form his temper and conduct. On this subject the writer of the present article has the pleasure of adding his own testimony; for in a very polite note, received from him in the year 1795, he expressed his sincere wishes for the progress and extension of true Christian moderation. Such a candid and liberal spirit is worthy of the religion of Jesus. It is indeed the legitimate offspring of Revelation, serving to cement together the jarring interests of Christendom, and accelerating the arrival of that period, when knowledge and purity shall stretch their empire to the remotest regions of the globe! The religion, that at the birth of its founder, announced *peace on earth and good will to man*, cannot be favourable to the unsocial sullenness of bigotry. It denounces every species of asperity, silences the murmurings of unhallowed passion, and binds the disciples of Christ in the golden bands of kindness and amity. LOVE is the badge of genuine religion, without this most essential quality, an apostle assures us that our profession is vain; it is in this case nothing more than *sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!*

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXVII.]

SOCRATES.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY AMYAS BUSHE, ESQ. A. M.; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thy praiſe, O Socrates! the moral bards,
High in fame for ſacred ſong,
To future ages ſhall tranſmit,
As time's current rolls along,
Future ages, free from envy,
Shall thy leading ſteps purſue;
Shall attend to reaſon's lore,
And hold thy virtue in diſtinguiſh'd view.

SOCRATES was the moſt illuſtrious character of antiquity. His talents, virtues, and conduct, have excited univerſal admiration. In ſome former numbers of our MISCELLANY, a Correſpondent furniſhed us with a ſketch of this incomparable philoſopher; there the reader will find an intereſting detail of his hiſtory.

The preſent poem is founded on the life and death of this great man, in which alſo his peculiar ſentiments are happily illuſtrated. His opinions of the Deity, of human nature, and of our future proſpects, are perſpicuouſly ſtated; and it is with pleaſure we were made acquainted with this important ſubject. To ſketch them with ſo much accuracy, muſt have coſt the author no ſmall pains; and to throw them into ſo pleaſing a form, does great credit to his ingenuity. The whole is planned with eaſe and executed with ability. Genius and taſte have conſpired to characteriſe this charming production.

This dramatic poem was uſhered into the world under

der the immediate patronage of the celebrated *George Lord Lyttleton*, to whom it is very reſpectfully dedicated. It appears alſo to have undergone his particular correction. With him, indeed, it was a favourite topic, for the character of this eminent heathen has been admired in every age and in every nation of the world. It is therefore remarked by the ingenious author, that his intention was "To introduce the knowledge of this wonderful man, and his ſyſtem, to thoſe whoſe want of leiſure and different purſuits have prevented them from ſtudying the dead languages; that he comes abroad *in this dreſs* to entertain (we hope) and inſtruct the reader, to whoſe candour and favour we venture to ſubmit him." Socrates may be pronounced a phænomenon in the heathen world; his ſentiments were, in general, of the pureſt kind; his temper was calm and unruffled, and his latter end exhibited the moſt dignified tranquillity. He put his enemies to ſhame, and over the moſt bitter oppoſition attained a decided ſuperiority.

The ſentiments of Socrates reſpecting the exiſtence and perfections of the Deity, are admirably ſtated, and cannot be peruſed without a ſenſible pleaſure.

The *Providence of God* is, in the following lines, aſſerted by Socrates with energy:

It cannot be—for ſince this beauteous world
Was rais'd by God, his Providence muſt rule
The vaſt machine—Chance is an idle toy
For fools to play with—Should fixt nature change
Her well-known courſe, and vary from the laws
That guide the ſyſtem: ſhould the elements,
Whereof all things in this our lower world
Are form'd, deſert the ſtation which they hold,
In concert with the whole: ſhould the great frame
Of that bright heavenly arch, which o'er our heads
Shines with refulgent light, give way, and feel
A diſſolution: ſhould celeſtial ſpheres
Forget their wonted courſe, and devious turn
As chance miſguides: ſhould the bright lamp of heaven
Withdraw

Withdraw his light, and the pale wand'ring moon
Miſtake her well-known path: ſhould ſeaſons mix
In wild confuſion, or expiring winds
Breathe their laſt gaſp: ſhould earth's fair fruitage droop
Like children on the wither'd breaſts that fail
Of proper food: ſhould chance or fortune reign
With arbitrary ſway: what would become
Of man himſelf, for whom theſe things are made?
Idle ſurmiſe! There is a living God,
Who rules ſupreme, under whoſe brooding wing
All nature reſts ſecure.

The friend of Socrates ſtill profeſſing ſome doubts, the ſage beautifully deſcends into particulars:

Come, let us view
Once more the matter in fair points of light,
And then let reaſon judge. Can'ſt thou perceive
How cauſes operate? what latent ſprings
Move nature's works? know'ſt thou, what rounds the hail
Or points the flaming dart? how the hoar froſt
Is form'd of pearly dew? how icy chains
Reſtrain the fluid maſs, and ſtay the courſe
Of limpid ſtreams, that wont to glide along
In liquid lapſe; or, grant that you could view
Nature's receſs, and ſee the hidden wheels
By which things move, and operate with eaſe;
Are they at thy diſpoſal? canſt thou wing
The feather'd ſnow? or bid the bruſhing winds
Sweep the aerial way? canſt thou diſpoſe
Of ſeaſons and their change? do elements
Of jarring atoms form'd, at thy command
In friendly league combine? or day and night
Alternate reign? And yet all nature moves
By certain laws that rule the vaſt machine
In each degree of change, and ſpeak a power
That gives it motion, and directs the parts
To their reſpective ends; for things inert
Could never act without a living ſoul
To give them energy: were it not ſo,
The orbs of heav'n would ceaſe to roll, the air

Forget

Forget to breathe, and earth refuſe to yield
Her various fruits.

But he again breaks forth on this boundleſs ſubject with a glowing ſimplicity—

What can employ your thoughts
With ſo much pleaſing joy, as thus to view
The works of God? does not the genial ſun
Warm and invigorate all things on earth
Fervent with life of every goodly kind,
And ſhew them too? but as the human frame
Is form'd of mould terreſtrial which perſpires
Much of its vital heat, have not the gods
Ordain'd the night for reſt, to give freſh ſprings
To life and labour? and when evening ray
Dips in the ſhade, is not the firmament
Bedeck'd with lights that run their wonted round
In circles multiform? anon ſhines forth
The ſplendid regent of the night, array'd
In ſilver robes, and paints in ſoften'd ſhades
All nature's charms; till the bright orient ſun
Slow-gleaming thro' the dark and cloudy duſk
By fair Aurora led—again revives
The face of things, and bids the lamps of night
Withdraw their ray: is this oeconomy
A proof of Providence? or does it ſpeak
The laws of chance?

Socrates now proceeds to the enumeration of *final cauſes*, which are thus characteriſed in a maſterly manner:

Does not the being then, whoſe boundleſs thought
Firſt plann'd man's frame, ſo wonderfully made,
So curious and ſo fearful; and diſpens'd
The active powers of thought and motion, ſeem
To have directed all its various parts
To uſeful ends? was not th' inſatiate eye
With all its coats, made porous to receive
And drink the limpid light? does not the ear
Admit the floating ſound? is it not ſtor'd
With organs fit to move the hearing ſenſe,

Which

Which by the fibres of the brain conveys
Sounds to the ſoul? or why ſhould nature breathe
This gay profuſion of luxurious ſweets,
This odorific bliſs, had not the wiſe,
Th' unerring power of the creative hand
Prepar'd the organs to imbibe the ſtream
That fragrant floats in fields of liquid air?
Or how from viands could ſuch taſtes ariſe
Acid or ſweet, did not the tongue explore
Their various juices, and the palate chuſe
What is moſt grateful?

The Philoſopher purſues the ſame delightful ſubject with peculiar felicity:

Let us farther view
The human frame, and we ſhall clearly trace
Strong lines of Providence—Has it not ſcreen'd
The tender ball of ſight with moving lids
That open to the light? and when the dew
Of ſleep ſteals on the eyes, do they not fall
Like a ſoft veil? are not their pliant valves
Which ſhut and open, edg'd with fringe of hair
To guard againſt the wind that with rude blaſt
Might fret the ball? are not the eye-brows form'd
Like a fair penthouſe, to caſt off the drops
That trickle down the front, and would annoy
The ſeat of light? does not the hearing ſenſe
Receive all kind of ſound, and yet the ear
Is never full? Is not thy living frame
A portion ſmall of the great maſs, which forms
Th' amazing ſum? is not that frame ſuſtain'd
By intellectual powers, which cannot riſe
From matter void of ſenſe? By ſequel fair
Should you not thence infer, that intellect,
Forecaſt, and wiſdom, from ſome power flow,
As from a ſource of pure celeſtial light,
Which ſhews the moral world to reaſon's eye,
And gives it luſtre?

We muſt indulge in one extract more, where Socrates obviates the difficulty ariſing from the *inviſibility*

lity of the Deity, which his ſceptical friend, Ariſtodemus, had made as an objection; it is thus elegantly refuted:

Can you, Ariſtodemus, ſee the ſoul
Which animates the man? Is not the ſpring
That moves and actuates the whole machine,
Conceal'd from view? and yet, you ſeem to act
With counſel and deſign. Thus, He, who ſchem'd
This world immenſe, preſides and rules
By ſecret laws; Himſelf inviſible
To mortal ken, whom yet we fairly trace
In his material works, which all declare
A power divine. Say, when you gaze direct,
Full on the ſun, is not the radiant orb
Loſt in the blaze of light? and yet the ſun
Paints heav'n and earth to view. When thunder peals
Thro' the aerial vault, is not the bolt
Hurl'd on unſeen, tho' viſible the ſigns
It leaves behind? or, when fierce warring winds
Spread deſolation round, can you diſcern
The wings with which they fly, tho' nature ſpeak
Their rapid force? And if there's aught in man
That does reſemble God; it is the ſoul
Which guides all parts, yet cannot be diſcern'd
By ſharpeſt eye. Ceaſe then to doubt of things
Latent from ſight, and to deny a God
Becauſe you cannot ſee him with an eye
To mortals given.

Such are the ſentiments of this illuſtrious ſage of antiquity, reſpecting the exiſtence and perfections of the Deity. With juſtice, therefore, has SOCRATES been termed the SUN of the heathen world! After theſe maſterly reaſonings, well did Ariſtodemus confeſs the force of conviction, and acknowledge his heart to be at eaſe in theſe expreſſive lines:

——————O Socrates,
You reaſon right! the Being who contriv'd
This beauteous world, is only viſible

In

In theſe his works, which ſpeak the powerful hand
That gave them birth. My mind is *quite at eaſe*,
And I imbibe the ſacred ſtream of truth
Which from thy ſoul with heav'nly wiſdom flows.

It is well known that SOCRATES was put to death by unjuſt judges, who condemned him upon falſe accuſations. The ſage, however, conſcious of no guilt in the preſent inſtance, experienced the calm pleaſures of innocence. After his condemnation, even to the moment when he emptied the poiſoned bowl, he was all tranquillity! He did not eat the leſs freely, nor converſe the leſs cheerfully, nor ſleep the leſs ſoundly, becauſe he was doomed to die! The latter circumſtance is beautifully depicted in the following exquiſite ſtanzas:

Ethereal ſpirits deſcend and ſing while Socrates ſleeps.

Eaſe, delight of human kind!
Soft enchantreſs of the mind!
Sweet the warbling wood-lark's ſong,
When he chants the trees among!
But without thee his ſweeteſt ſtrain
Inſtead of pleaſure gives a pain.
Sweet is the dewy-ſpangled mead,
The level lawn or winding glade!
Sweet is the cadence of the limpid rill
When gently trickling down the ſmooth reclining hill!

But nor rill nor lawn can pleaſe
When the mind is not at eaſe.
Eaſe, thou happy gift of heaven,
By the gods to mortals given!
Thou, to fair virtue near ally'd,
Art ever by her ſacred ſide!
Whether ſhe chuſe the rugged way,
Or thro' the moſs-grown valley ſtray;
You, ſooth'd with raptur'd fancy, walk along,
And lend attentive ear to her celeſtial ſong.

Eaſe the lyric bard inſpires,
Warms his breaſt with heavenly fires;

Bids him ſwell a fuller key,
Or a ſofter ſound convey.
'Tis eaſe alone gives peaceful reſt
To the pure virtue-breathing breaſt;
'Tis eaſe that calms the ruffled ſoul,
'Tis eaſe can paſſion's force controul:
Virtue and eaſe for ever ſocial join;
Both of congenial form, and both of birth divine!

See the ſoftly-ſleeping ſage,
Silver'd o'er with hoary age!
See his viſage calm and clear,
Such as ſmiling infants wear,
When at ſome pleaſing glittering toy,
Their little hearts exult with joy.
Happieſt of mortals! ſoon ſhall we
Thy unembodied ſpirit ſee;
When in high heaven he tunes the golden lyre,
And joins in ſymphony with the celeſtial choir.

Upon the merit of this Ode we need not expatiate; the whole poem poſſeſſes the ſame tendency. It ſhews, in a very forcible light, the triumphs of real goodneſs. It demonſtrates this fundamental truth, that virtue and happineſs, vice and miſery, are inſeparably joined together. The ſenſible impreſſion of ſuch a declaration would be the means of guarding us from evil, and of ſecuring to ourſelves ſubſtantial felicity.

GOSSI-

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXIX.]

TWO CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM THE TURKISH SPY, WRITTEN IN THE COURSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A PROPHECY!

IT is recorded of the firſt wife of Henry the Fourth, *Margaret of Valois*, that ſhe practiſed much with wizards and magicians, who, in an enchanted glaſs, ſhewed her who ſhould reign in France for the time to come. Firſt appeared her Henry the Fourth; then Lewis the Thirteenth, next Lewis the Fourteenth, and after him *a pack of Jeſuits, who ſhould aboliſh the* MONARCHY *and govern the nation themſelves!* This glaſs is to be ſeen in the King's palace to this day. This letter is dated 1660.

THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

THAT which it ſeems proper for me to inform thee of is—that the *Roman* or *Latin* tongue appears like an old antiquated mother, thruſt out of doors by her four ungrateful daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Portugueze*. Theſe are her natural offspring, begot during the *Roman* conqueſts in the weſt, and degenerating after that empire was in its decline. So that they now are taken for no better than *mongrels* and *baſtards*. In Spaniſh there is a great mixture of Gothiſh and Moreſco words; the French retain many of their old Gauliſh idioms. The Italian is corrupted with a hotch-potch of words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns*, and *Longobards*. Yet that fault is recompenſed by abundance of *Greek* etymologies. As for the *Portugueze*, it is but a dialect of the *Spaniſh*, and lies under the ſame imperfections.

The only pure *maternal languages* now current among the common people in any part of Europe, are the *Teutonic*, *Sclavonic*, and *Britiſh*, the firſt is ſpoken in *Germany* to perfection, but corruptly in *Sweedeland*, *Denmark*, and the *United Provinces*. The ſecond is common to the Hungarians, Moldavians, Poles, Ruſſians, and many other nations. The laſt is confined to the *Welſh*, a people inhabiting a corner of *Great Britain*, driven thither by the victorious *Saxons*, their conquerors, above a thouſand years ago. As for the reſt, they are only mixed dialects, and ſo not worth taking notice of, excepting one mountainous part of Spain, where the inhabitants are ſaid to ſpeak pure *Arabic* at this day. They are ſuppoſed to be a remnant of the Moors.

The critics here in the Weſt, uſed to give theſe following rules, in reference to languages. If you would addreſs God, ſpeak in *Greek* or *Latin*, becauſe of their antiquity, purity, and majeſtic loftineſs; if to Kings, ſpeak in *Spaniſh*, in regard of its ſlow pronunciation and gravity; if to men, uſe *Italian*; if to women, *French*; to dogs, *Welſh*; but if you would affright an enemy, or the devil himſelf, ſpeak *High Dutch*. They relate a ſtory of a *German* ambaſſador at the *French* court, who delivered his meſſage in *Teutonic*, which, when a certain Grandee heard, and took notice of its harſh and ſtrong *emphaſis*, he ſwore it was his opinion, that this was the language wherein God curſed *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The German turning to him, anſwered briſkly, '*Tis poſſible*, Monſieur, *it may be ſo, but then I hope you'll grant, that French was the occaſion of this curſe, when the devil choſe to tempt Eve in that language, for its effeminacy wheedling her*, a-la-mode de Paris, *to eat the forbidden fruit!!*

FIGHTING

FIGHTING IN ONE'S OWN WAY.

THE following retort, prudent and curious, is a well-attested fact, near Stroud, Glouceſterſhire :—An officer's ſervant, who was uſed to attend his maſter with holſters, conceiving they conferred on himſelf all the privileges of his maſter, as the poſſeſſion of Arundel Caſtle inveſts any owner with all ſeignorial rights and perſonal dignity, ſent a challenge to a poor Pariſh Clerk to ſingle combat, to which he received the following anſwer. "Abraham Amen, conceiving duelling with fire arms to be the excluſive privilege of officers and *real* gentlemen, refuſes to fight the upſtart Bob Bouncer; but as the perſon challenged has a right to chooſe his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet the ſaid Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on conſecrated ground, to the praiſe and glory of God, with two ſtaves."

MULTIPLICATION.

HILLEL, the Rabbi, ſays, "He that multiplieth fleſh, multiplieth vermin; he that multiplieth eſtates, multiplieth care; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments; he that multiplieth female ſervants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men ſervants, multiplieth rapine: but he that multiplieth law, multiplieth life; he that multiplieth ſtudy, multiplieth ſagacity; he that multiplieth counſel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth juſtice, multiplieth peace.

AMERICA.

IT has often been a matter of ſurprize, why Columbus ſhould not have given his name to the quarter of the world which he diſcovered; and it has been enquired in what circumſtance has its preſent name originated. The following remarks are explanatory of this ſubject.

Not

Not long after America had been found out by Columbus, Amerigo Veſpucci, a Florentine gentleman, accompanied a certain navigator thither. In what ſtation he ſerved is uncertain, but as he was an experienced ſailor, and eminently ſkilful in all the ſciences ſubſervient to navigation, he muſt have acquired ſome authority among his companions, that they willingly allowed him to have a chief ſhare in directing their operations during the voyage. Soon after his return, he tranſmitted an account of his adventures and diſcoveries to one of his countrymen, and labouring with the vanity of a traveller to magnify his own exploits, he had the addreſs and confidence to frame his narrative ſo, as to make it appear that he had the glory of having firſt diſcovered the continent in the New World. AMERIGO's account was drawn up not only with art but with ſome elegance. It contained an amuſing hiſtory of his voyage, and judicious obſervations upon the natural productions, the inhabitants, and the cuſtoms of the countries which he had viſited. As it was the *firſt* deſcription of any part of the New World that was publiſhed, a performance ſo well calculated to gratify the paſſion of mankind, for what is new and marvellous, circulated rapidly, and was read with admiration. The country of which AMERIGO was ſuppoſed to be the diſcoverer, came, gradually, to be called by his name. The caprice of mankind, often as unaccountable as unjuſt, has perpetuated this error. By the univerſal conſent of nations, AMERICA is the name beſtowed on this new quarter of the globe. The bold pretenſions of a fortunate impoſtor have robbed the diſcoverer of the New World of a diſtinction which belonged to him. The name of AMERIGO has ſupplanted that of COLUMBUS, and mankind may regret an act of injuſtice, which, having received the ſanction of time, it is now too late to redreſs.

ON

ON PART OF A GAOL WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A METHODIST MEETING.

In words of Sacred Writ we're told,
That once among the Jews of old,
The houſe of God a den was made,
Where thieves and lawyers drove their trade;
Yet now we ſee a change as odd,
A den of thieves turn'd houſe of God.

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT DISSECTED.

	Old Teſtament.	New.	Total.
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1189
Verſes	23,214	7959	31,173
Words	592,493	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verſes, 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the leaſt in the Bible, is the 117th Pſalm; the middle verſe is the 8th of the 118th Pſalm: the middle line is the 2d book of Chronicles, 4th chapter, 16th verſe; the word *and* occurs in the Old Teſtament, 85,543: the ſame word occurs in the New Teſtament 10,684 times, the word Jehovah occurs 6855 times.

Old Teſtament. The middle book of the Old Teſtament is Proverbs, the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verſe is the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, 23d verſe: the leaſt verſe is the 1ſt book of Chronicles, 1ſt chapter and 1ſt verſe.

New Teſtament. The middle book is Theſſalonians 2d: the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans; the middle verſe is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts, the leaſt verſe, is the 35th verſe, of 11th chapter of the Goſpel by St. John.

The 21ſt verſe of the 7th chapter of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Iſaiah are alike.

The book of Eſther has 10 chapters, but neither the words *Lord* or *God* in it.

THE OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

I DETERMIN'D the moment I left off my bib,
I would never become any man's crooked rib,
And think you to fright me, when gravely you tell
That old maids will ſurely lead apes when in hell?

I'll take the reverſion, and grant 'twill be ſo
But yet I ſhall keep to my vow,
For I'd rather lead Apes in the regions below,
Than be led by a fooliſh ape now.

THE TAILOR BIRD.

HAD Providence left the feathered tribe unendowed with any particular inſtinct, the birds of the torrid zone would have built their neſts in the ſame unguarded manner as thoſe of Europe; but there the leſſer ſpecies having a certain preſcience of the dangers that ſurround them, and of their own weakneſs, ſuſpend their neſt at the extreme branches of the trees: they are conſcious of inhabiting a climate replete with enemies to them and their young; with ſnakes that twine up the bodies of the trees, and apes that are perpetually in ſearch of prey, but, heaven-inſtructed, they elude the gliding of the one and the activity of the other.

The brute creation in the torrid zone are more at enmity with one another than in other climates, and the birds are obliged to exert unuſual artifice in placing their little broods out of the reach of an invader. Each aims at the ſame end, though by different means. Some form their penſile neſt in ſhape of a purſe, deep and open at the top; others with an hole in the ſide, and others, ſtill more cautious, with an entrance from the very bottom, forming their lodge near the ſummit.

But

But the little ſpecies of the *Tailor Bird* ſeems to have greater diffidence than any of the others; it will not truſt its neſt even to the extremity of a ſlender twig, but makes one more advance to ſafety, by fixing it to the *leaf itſelf*. It picks up a dead leaf, and, ſurprizing to relate, ſews it to the ſide of a living one; its ſlender bill being the needle, and its thread ſome fine fibres, the lining feathers, goſſamer and down. Its eggs are white, the colour of the bird light yellow; its length three inches; its weight only *three ſixteenths* of an ounce, ſo that the materials of the neſt, and its own ſize, are not likely to draw down a habitation that depends on ſo ſlight a tenure!

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB-STONE OF MARGARET SCOTT, AT DALKEITH, NEAR EDINBURGH.

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaſte,
And now in peace my weary bones do reſt.
I, 'twixt my cradle and my grave, have ſeen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen;
Four times five years a commonwealth I ſaw,
Ten times the ſubjects roſe againſt the law.
Twice did I ſee old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
I ſaw my country ſold for Engliſh ore,
And Stuart's race ſubdu'd to riſe no more;
Such deſolations in my time have been,
No traces of antiquity are ſeen.

ON

THE PROMISCUOUS USE

OF

THOU AND YOU.

[From Sketches by Henry James Pye, Eſq.]

THIS is a common error among all our poets, not the beſt or moſt accurate excepted. Therefore, as far as authority has weight, it may be defended.

The cauſe of this anomaly is not of difficult inveſtigation. The ſecond perſon ſingular not being colloquial with us, (for we never uſe it to our familiar friends like the French) it at once elevates our language above the level of common diſcourſe; a moſt eſſential object to the poet, and therefore he readily adopts it; but when it comes to govern a verb, the combination of *ſt* is ſo harſh, that he as readily abandons it.

In Pope's Eloiſa to Abelard, the ſingular pronoun is conſtantly uſed till verſe 65.

Heaven liſten'd while *you* ſung.

For *thou ſangſt* (without conſidering the rhyme) would have been intolerable.

In lines 107, 109, the verb *canſt thou* has a good effect, as by lengthening the ſyllable by poſition, it becomes more emphatic, and the harſhneſs is amply compenſated by the ſuperior force of *canſt thou* to *can you.*

The faſtidious critic therefore would do well, before he paſſes his ſentence, to conſider whether an inaccuracy, which is never diſcerned, except it be ſought after, is not fairly entitled to the favour Ariſtotle grants to thoſe deviations from ſtrict propriety, which tend to heighten the intereſt of a poem.

This

This change, however, is abſolutely indefenſible, when uſed for the ſake of rhyme only. Many inſtances of this occur in the ſame poem; the moſt ſtriking will be found in two ſucceeding couplets:

> O come! O teach me nature to ſubdue,
> Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and *you*:
> Fill my fond heart with God alone; for he
> Alone can rival, can ſucceed to *thee*.

And yet groſsly abſurd as this is, though I have read the poem an hundred times, it never ſtruck me till the ſubject in queſtion led me to ſeek for it.

In ſome caſes this change is ſtrictly juſtifiable; as when a perſon is addreſſed in a different ſtyle. For example, in Thomſon's Tancred and Sigiſmunda, when Siffredi diſcloſed to Tancred that he is the King, he ſays,

> Forgive me, ſir! this trial of *your* heart!

For the reſpectful appellation, *ſir*, demands the more colloquial term of addreſs; but he immediately adds with animation,

> *Thou! thou!* art he!

And ſo in Tancred's ſpeech to Siffredi, he firſt ſays,

> I think, my Lord! *you* ſaid the King entruſted
> To *you* his will.

but ſoon after adds, in a more impaſſioned tone,

> On this alone I will not bear diſpute,
> Not even from *thee*, Siffredi!

The ſame diſtinction will, in general, be found in the ſpeeches of Sigiſmunda to Tancred. I ſay in general; as, on inſpecting the tragedy with attention to this particular circumſtance, ſeveral changes will be found that ariſe ſolely from the cauſe firſt mentioned.

The learned cenſor will, perhaps, be more inclined to pardon this error in a modern, when he finds the beſt and moſt correct poet of Rome frequently falling into it. Virgil has made as free with the firſt perſon, as Pope has with the ſecond. In the firſt eclogue we find,

> Namque erit ille *mihi* ſemper Deus; illius aram
> Sæpe tener *noſtris* abovilibus imbuet agnus."

and,

> Poſtquam *nos* Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit;
> Namque, fatebor enim, dum *me* Galatea tenebat—

Tibullus goes ſtill further, and joins a pronoun in the plural number, to a verb in the ſingular;

> Perfida, nec merito, *nobis* inimica *merenti*;

to which muſt be added the tautology of *merito merenti*. Yet perhaps it is barely doing juſtice to Tibullus, to ſay, he is not ſecond to any of the Roman poets.

ON

IMMORTALITY IN A FUTURE STATE.

[From an Eſſay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society; with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and other Writers.)

I CANNOT quit this ſubject, without taking notice of theſe conjectures of Mr. Godwin and M. Condorcet, concerning the *indefinite Prolongation of Human Life*, as a very curious inſtance of the *longing of the ſoul after immortality*. Both of theſe gentlemen have rejected the *light of revelation* which abſolutely promiſes *eternal life* in another ſtate. They have alſo rejected *the light of natural religion*, which, to the ableſt intellects, in all ages, has indicated the future exiſtence

iſtence of the ſoul. Yet ſo congenial is the idea of *immortality* to the mind of man, that they cannot conſent entirely to throw it out of their ſyſtems. After all their faſtidious ſcepticiſms concerning the only probable mode of immortality, they introduce a ſpecies of immortality of their own, not only completely contradictory to every law of philoſophical probability, but *in itſelf* in the *higheſt degree*, *narrow*, *partial*, and *unjuſt*. They ſuppoſe that all the great, virtuous, and exalted minds, that have ever exiſted, or that may exiſt for ſome thouſands, or perhaps millions of years, will be ſunk in annihilation; and that only a few beings, not greater in number than can exiſt at once upon the earth, will be ultimately crowned with immortality. Had ſuch a tenet been advanced as a tenet of revelation, I am very ſure that all the enemies of religion, and probably Mr. Godwin and M. Condorcet, among the reſt, would have exhauſted the whole force of their ridicule upon it, as the moſt puerile, the moſt abſurd, the pooreſt, the moſt pitiful, the moſt iniquitouſly unjuſt, and, conſequently, the moſt unworthy of the Deity, that the ſuperſtitious folly of man could invent.

What a ſtrange and curious proof do theſe conjectures exhibit of the inconſiſtency of ſcepticiſm! For it ſhould be obſerved that there is a very ſtriking and eſſential difference between believing an aſſertion which abſolutely contradicts the moſt uniform experience, and an aſſertion which contradicts nothing, but is merely beyond the power of our preſent obſervation and knowledge. So diverſified are the natural objects around us, ſo many inſtances of mighty power daily offer themſelves to our view, that we may fairly preſume that there are many forms and operations of nature which we have not yet obſerved, or which, perhaps, we are not capable of obſerving with our preſent confined inlets of knowledge.

The reſurrection of a ſpiritual body from a natural

body, does not appear in itſelf a more wonderful inſtance of power, than the germination of a blade of wheat from the grain, or an oak from an acorn. Could we conceive an intelligent being ſo placed, as to be converſant only with inanimate or full grown objects, and never to have witneſſed the proceſs of vegetation or growth; and were another being to ſhew him two little pieces of matter, a grain of wheat and an acorn, to deſire him to examine them, to analize them if he pleaſed, and endeavour to find out their properties and eſſences; and then to tell him, that however trifling theſe little bits of matter might appear to him, they poſſeſſed ſuch curious powers of ſelection, combination, arrangement, and almoſt of creation, that upon being put into the ground, they would chuſe amongſt all the dirt and moiſture that ſurrounded them, thoſe parts which beſt ſuited their purpoſe, that they would collect and arrange theſe parts with wonderful taſte, judgment, and execution, and would riſe up into beautiful forms, ſcarcely in any part analogous to the little bits of matter which were firſt placed in the earth. I feel very little doubt that the imaginary being which I have ſuppoſed would heſitate more, would require better authority and ſtronger proofs, before he believed theſe ſtrange aſſertions, than if he had been told that a Being of mighty power, who had been the cauſe of all that he ſaw around him, and of that exiſtence of which he himſelf was conſcious, would, by a *great act of power*, upon the death and corruption of human creatures, raiſe up the eſſence of thought, in a corporeal, or at leaſt in a viſible form, to give it a happier exiſtence in another ſtate.

The only difference with regard to our own apprehenſions, that is not in favour of the latter aſſertion, is that the firſt miracle we have repeatedly ſeen, and the laſt miracle we have not ſeen. I admit the full weight of this prodigious difference, but ſurely no man can heſitate a moment in ſaying that, putting revelation

ou

out of the queſtion, the reſurrection of a ſpiritual body from a natural body, which may be merely one among the many operations of nature which we cannot ſee, is an event indefinitely more probable than the immortality of man on earth, which is not only an event of which no ſymptoms or indications have yet appeared, but is a poſitive contradiction to one of the moſt conſtant of the laws of nature that has ever come within the obſervation of man.

The powers of ſelection, combination, and tranſmutation, which every ſeed ſhews, are truly miraculous. Who can imagine that theſe wonderful faculties are contained in theſe little bits of matter? To me it appears much more philoſophical to ſuppoſe, that the mighty God of Nature is preſent in full energy in all theſe operations. To this all-powerful Being, it would be equally eaſy to raiſe an oak without an acorn as with one. The preparatory proceſs of putting ſeeds into the ground, is merely ordained for the uſe of man, as one among the various other excitements neceſſary to awaken matter into mind. It is an idea that will be found conſiſtent equally with the natural phenomena around us, with the various events of human life, and with the ſucceſſive revelations of God to man, to ſuppoſe that the world is a mighty proceſs for the creation and formation of mind. Many veſſels will, neceſſarily, come out of this great furnace in wrong ſhapes. Theſe will be broken and thrown aſide as uſeleſs, while thoſe veſſels, whoſe forms are full of truth, gracefulneſs, and lovelineſs, will be wafted into happier ſituations, nearer the preſence of the Mighty Maker *.

THOUGHTS

* What this ingenious author means by "many veſſels *neceſſarily* coming out of this great furnace in wrong ſhapes," cannot be eaſily determined. But though it might not be in the power of an inferior potter to alter theſe *wrong ſhapes*, which they have perverſely but neceſſarily taken; yet many

THOUGHTS
ON
ORNAMENTING GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

Unfeeling wit may ſcorn, and pride may frown,
Yet fancy, empreſs of the realms of ſong,
Shall bleſs the decent mode, and reaſon own
It may be right——for who can prove it wrong!
MASON.

SEVERAL travellers, who have viſited the romantic regions of Cambria, have noticed a cuſtom that prevails amongſt the inhabitants of that country, of planting and ſtrewing evergreens and flowers on the graves of their deceaſed relatives. But no one has written more pleaſingly on this ſubject, than the Reverend Mr. Warner of Bath, who, to elegance of diction and claſſic erudition, has added a tenderneſs of ſentiment that cannot fail to intereſt the reader. This gentleman is of opinion, that the cuſtom alluded to is of very remote origin *. Nor would it be difficult to trace from heathen writers, in what great veneration this duty was held, and with what rigid punctuality it was obſerved by the ancient Greeks and Romans. It has, indeed, afforded a fund of beautiful imagery to the poets of almoſt every age. But, waving all reſearches into hiſtoric records, to prove the antiquity of this mournful rite, let us awhile conſider it in another point of view.

able writers, and many pious divines, are of opinion, that the Divine Potter will not break and throw them aſide, but that he can and will ſo alter their wrong ſhapes, that, reſtored to "forms full of truth, grace, and lovelineſs," they alſo ſhall, in due time, be "wafted into happier ſituations, nearer the preſence of the Mighty Maker." EDITORS.

* See Literary Review, vol. iv. p. 406.

Though

Though the ruſtic, whoſe little flock of goats climb the rugged heights of Plinlimmon, feels not his ſenſes vibrate with the ſuperſtition of *elder* times, though the myſterious ſtrains of Druids no longer rouſe the torpid faculties to enthuſiaſm; yet the inborn inſtinct of the Cambrian's ſoul, in a meaſure, ſtill remains: that fervor of imagination which taught the aborigines of Wales to revere the hallowed charms of the miſſletoe, even to the preſent day (though its effects may not be ſo powerful as formerly) inſpires their deſcendants. The flames of fanaticiſm, which it hath been the toil of ages to enkindle, will not immediately ſubſide. To this caſt of ſuperſtition may be attributed their credulous belief in magic ſpells. This it is, which prompts them to adorn with flowers, at certain ſeaſons of the year, the graves of their departed kindred. But here their ſuperſtition ſhines in her faireſt light; this is her nobleſt work—a work, which it would be well, if he, on whom the beams of Revelation ſhine, deigned but to imitate!

Whilſt paying this laſt ſad tribute to the manes of the dead, awed by the ſolemnity the ſhrines of mortality ſpread around inſpire, the ideas muſt neceſſarily concentrate; fancy wings her flight to heaven—perhaps memory will then recal the viſions of departed days; the wretched mourner reflects how ſhort a period has elapſed, ſince he, on whoſe inanimate relics his tears are falling, haſtened to the ſelf ſame ſpot, to perform the ſame funeral office he now himſelf requires!

> The hand that lifts the dibble, ſhakes with fear,
> Leſt haply it diſturb the friend below.

If, at this awful juncture, his mind ſuggeſts a recollection, that the diſembodied ſpirit of the deceaſed hovers inviſibly around the ſpot that incloſes his mortal aſhes, and beholds with pleaſure this teſt of his ſurvivor's love;—how is the weeping ſufferer agitated!—

the

the fine-ſtrung chords of ſenſibility are wound to their higheſt pitch!—Start not, gentle reader, at the idea, that the ſoul may quit its aërial manſion, to view the deeds of man. Tell me not, it is a ſuperſtition incompatible with reaſon—in all events "it is an error ſweet and lucrative."

Having thus remarked, how far this memorial of affection, though ſprung from ſuperſtition, tends to excite emotions of piety, let us briefly obſerve how great a contraſt prevails in ſeveral cemeteries of England.

It is a wiſh, naturally implanted in the heart of man, that when he ſhall have put off his fleſhly robe, it may reſt undiſturbed in its parent element, till the final day

> When bone to its appropriate bone ſhall join,
> And at th' Eternal's high tribunal ſtand
> In full identity.

Yet how ſadly is this ſcene reverſed in our village church-yards! inſtead of odoriferous plants the rankeſt weeds are permitted to grow upon the graves. How often is the traveller ſhocked to behold an eyeleſs ſkull unhouſed above the ſoil, whilſt the curate's cattle are quietly enjoying their paſtime, and trampling up the turf. What a violation is this of the ſacred rites of ſepulture!

Ye Engliſhmen! who boaſt, juſtly boaſt the arts of refinement, deem it not derogatory from your dignity to imitate, in this reſpect, your untutored neighbours. If ye do not ſtrictly obſerve each ſuperſtitious ceremony, pay at leaſt ſome regard to the calls of humanity, and remember it is almoſt the only means left you by Providence to teſtify your veneration for the dead.

PHILANTHROPOS.

THE

THE

CORRECT PUBLIC SPEAKER.

[From Burgh's Art of Public Speaking.]

A *correct* ſpeaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reaſon*. If he addreſſes *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he ſpeaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks round *upon them*. The *ſpirit* of what he ſays, or is ſaid to him, appears in his *look*. If he expreſſes *amazement*, or would excite it, he *lifts* up his *hands* and *eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happineſs, he *ſpreads* his *arms*, and *looks benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven againſt vice, he *bends* his *eyebrow* into *wrath*, and *menaces* with his *arm* and *countenance*. He does not *needleſsly ſaw* the *air* with his *arm*, nor *ſtab* himſelf with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breaſt*, unleſs he has occaſion to ſpeak of *himſelf*, or to introduce *conſcience*, or ſomewhat *ſentimental*. He does not ſtart *back*, unleſs he wants to expreſs *horror* or *averſion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occaſion to *ſolicit*. He does not *raiſe* his voice, but to expreſs ſomewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contraſt* the *raiſing* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to expreſs, *ſparkle* fury; *brighten* into joy; *glance* diſdain; *melt* into grief; *frown* diſguſt and hatred; *languiſh* into love; or *glare* diſtraction.

But to apply *properly*, and in a maſterly manner, the almoſt endleſsly various external expreſſions of the different paſſions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has ſo curiouſly fitted the human frame—*hic labor —here* is the *difficulty*. Accordingly, a conſummate public *ſpeaker* is truly a *phenix*. But much *leſs* than all this, is, generally ſpeaking, ſufficient for moſt occaſions.

There

There is an *error*, which is too inconſiderately received by many judicious perſons, *viz.* that a public ſpeaker's ſhewing himſelf to be in *earneſt*, will alone ſecure him of duly *affecting* his *audience*. Were this true, the enthuſiaſtic *rant* of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earneſt*, ought to *pleaſe* the *judicious*; in whom, on the contrary, we know it excites only *laughter* or *pity*. It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *ſpeak*, and to *judge* of propriety in ſpeaking. And every public *ſpeaker*, who faithfully, and in a maſterly manner, *follows* that univerſal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a ſpeaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into ſome incorrigible *abſurdity* of manner, expreſs the *real* and the *warm* ſentiments of his *heart*, in ſuch an *awkward* way, as ſhall effectually *defeat* his whole deſign upon thoſe who hear him, and render *himſelf* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough, as Quintilian * ſays, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good ſpeaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *ſpeaker*'s ſhewing himſelf in *earneſt* is alone *ſufficient*, ſo on the other, it is certain, that if he does not *ſeem* to be in *earneſt* †, he cannot but *fail* of his deſign.

There is a true *ſublime* in *delivery*, as in the *other* imitative *arts*; in the *manner*, as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *ſculpture*, *muſic*, and the other elegancies, the true *ſublime* conſiſts in a ſet of *maſterly*, *large*, and *noble* ſtrokes of *art*, ſuperior to florid *littleneſs*; ſo it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and *articulate*; every *ſyllable ſtanding off* from that which is next to it, ſo that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be ſo diſtinctly *ſuited* to the *matter*, that the *humour* or *paſſions* might be *known*

* Inſt. Orat. p. 442.

† ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Prius ipſi tibi.

by

by the *ſound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word heard*. And the *variations* are to be, like the full ſwelling *folds* of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or ſtatue, *bold*, and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irreſiſtible *beauty*, it *tranſports*, it *raviſhes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticiſe*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourſelves, to *engage* and *ſwallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, beſides the *ſubject* it would hold forth, and the *point* it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himſelf as *unable* to reſiſt, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *ſtop* the ſtream of a river with his *hand*. His *paſſions* are no longer *his own*. The *orator* has taken *poſſeſſion* of them; and, with ſuperior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleaſes*.

There is no *earthly object* capable of making ſuch *various* and ſuch *forcible* impreſſions upon the human mind, as a conſummate *ſpeaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch; and the delight is *rational*, becauſe is flows from ſources *unknown* to beings *below* the *rational* ſphere. But the ear remains wholly *unengaged* and *unentertained*.

In liſtening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleaſure which pours upon the *ear*, is almoſt too much for human nature. And muſic applied to expreſs the ſublimities of *poetry*, as in the oratorio of Samſon, and the Allegro and Penſoroſo, yields a pleaſure ſo truly *rational*, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be *aſhamed* to declare their *ſenſibility* of it. But here again, the *eye* has not its gratification. For the opera (in which *action* is joined with *muſic*, in order to entertain the *eye* at the ſame time with the *ear*) I muſt beg leave, with all due ſubmiſſion to the taſte

taſte of the great, to conſider as a *forced conjunction* of two things, which *nature* does not *allow* to go *together*. For it never will be other than *unnatural*, to ſee heroes, *fighting*, *commanding*, *threatening*, *lamenting*, and making *love* in the warblings of an Italian *ſong*.

It is only the elegant *ſpeaker*, who can at *once* regale the *eye* with the view of its moſt amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the *ear* with the original of all muſic, the *underſtanding* with its proper and natural *food*, the knowledge of important truth; and the *imagination* with all that, in nature, or in art, is *beautiful*, *ſublime*, or *wonderful*. For the orator's *field* is the *univerſe*, and his ſubjects are *all* that is *known* of God, and his works; of ſuperior natures, good and evil, and their works; and of terreſtrials, and their works.

In a conſummate ſpeaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majeſty of the human *face* divine, the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languiſh*, or fiery *flaſh* of the *eye*; whatever of lively *paſſion*, or ſtriking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination*, of wiſe *reflection*, or irreſiſtible *reaſoning*; whatever of *excellent* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impreſſed, of his *own image* upon the *nobleſt* creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the conſummate *ſpeaker* to the higheſt *advantage*. And whoever is proof againſt ſuch a diſplay of all that is noble in human nature, muſt have neither *eye*, nor *ear*, *nor paſſion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taſte*, nor *underſtanding*.

Though it may be alledged, that a great deal of *geſture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, eſpecially the *latter*, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character*; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be *rolled* along the ceiling, as if the ſpeaker thought himſelf in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themſelves.

themſelves. Nor are they to be conſtantly caſt *down* upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving ſentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon *one point*, as if he ſaw a ghoſt. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be *needleſsly thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or *brandiſhed*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exerciſing themſelves by fighting with their own ſhadow, to prepare them for the Olympic conteſts. Nor, on the contrary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to *hang* by his ſides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head is* not to ſtand *fixed*, as if the ſpeaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-ſon, Alexander:

> With raviſh'd ears
> The monarch hears;
> Aſſumes the god,
> Affects to nod,
> And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.
>
> DRYDEN'S ODE.

A judicious ſpeaker is maſter of ſuch a *variety* of decent and natural *motions*, and has ſuch command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one poſture* to *offend* the eye of the ſpectator. The *matter* he has to pronounce, will ſuggeſt the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his *poſture*, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *ſame*, would become *tedious* and *irkſome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* poſture, like a harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands* about, as if he were ſhewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public ſpeaker is *never* to *forget*, the great *rule*, ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. It would be infinitely more pleaſing to ſee him deliver himſelf with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than thoſe of an Egyptian *mummy*, than *diſtorting* him-

ſelf into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art, ſeen through*, is *execrable*.

Modeſty ought ever to be *conſpicuous* in the behaviour of all who are obliged to exhibit themſelves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *geſture*, or exertion of *voice*, ſuch perſons uſe, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *ſpirit*, or *humour* of the *matter*. If the ſpeaker uſes any *arts* of *delivery*, which *appear* plainly to be *ſtudied*, the effect will be, that his *aukward* attempt to work upon the paſſions of his hearers, by means of which he *is not maſter*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *ſtiff* and *pedantic ſolemnity* do ſome public ſpeakers utter *thoughts*, ſo *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all!* And what *unnatural* and *unſuitable tones* of voice, and *geſticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their* manner of delivering, one would be apt to queſtion, not only whether it is their *own* compoſition, but whether they really *underſtand* it.

Hoxton Square. J. EVANS.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 162.)

To ſhare a heavy burden, merely to eaſe another, is noble; to do it cheerfully is ſublime.

LAVATER.

SURPRIZE, gratitude, and love, nearly overpowered the trembling frame of Eliza on this diſcovery, and created emotions in her mind that elude the impotence of words. In vain ſhe endeavoured to recal the animation of her deliverer, every effort was fruitleſs, and ſhe could only preſs his hand and mourn over him

him in ſilence. A ſtorm that had been gathering over her head, now began to vent itſelf on the earth, and happily effected what her tender aſſiduities had failed in. Steinfort, on coming to himſelf, and finding the lady, whom he had attempted to releaſe, kneeling by his ſide, and anxiouſly waiting his recovery, felt a pleaſure that amply repaid him for any injuries he had ſuſtained. The darkneſs that now reigned around, at once precluded the poſſibility of his knowing Eliza, or perceiving her embarraſſment. He aroſe, and politely taking her hand, expreſſed his happineſs on finding her ſafe, and hoped ſhe had not ſuffered from the hands of the ruffians. She thanked him in tones modulated by her feelings, which never fail in addreſſing themſelves to the heart, and which are the beſt recompence a feeling mind can receive. She briefly informed him of her entanglement in the wood, and of the part of the country from which ſhe came; but expreſſed ſome concern on his account, and hoped, in return, that his generous exertions in her behalf had not been at the expence of any perſonal injury. He laughed her apprehenſions away in a vein of pleaſantry, and conducted her into a ſpacious walk into the interior of the wood.

Meanwhile the ſtorm conſiderably increaſing, they found themſelves under the neceſſity of taking ſhelter under the largeſt of the trees. Having ſecured themſelves from the rage of the elements, a pauſe of ſome minutes elapſed, during which Eliza was agitated by various emotions. The idea of making herſelf known to Steinfort, was attended by a train of unpleaſant circumſtances; yet the ſingular ſervices he had afforded her, rendered diſingenuouſneſs ſtill more diſagreeable. Steinfort at length interrupted her meditations, by expreſſing a deſire to know more of the perſon to whom he had been ſo fortunate in rendering himſelf ſerviceable. "Alas!" replied Eliza, "I am an unfortunate being, whom any further acquaintance with

would lead you only into new troubles." As the varied landſcape aſſumes its wonted beauty, when lighted up by the morning ſun, ſo are the ſocial feelings of a ſenſible mind kindled at the touch of ſorrow. A lady in diſtreſs, at any time was ſufficient to make a hero of Steinfort; but when oppreſſed with grief, ſhe awakened the fineſt touches of his nature. Though this complaint repreſſed his officiouſneſs, it increaſed his deſire for a further indulgence, and, in the moſt reſpectful ſolicitations, he begged her to let him know in what manner he could be ſerviceable to her, which ſhe anſwered only by entreating him to deſiſt; "Yet," added ſhe, "a perſon from whom I have received ſuch ſingular favours, I cannot object to conſulting as a friend. Tell me," continued ſhe, "how I am to avoid judging wrongly of characters known only by public opinion." "For myſelf," replied Steinfort, "I ſhould ſuppoſe we ought not to judge *at all* decidedly, till enabled by a familiar acquaintance, and afterwards be directed by *that* acquaintance alone; but ſociety is a whirlpool of error, in which, by imperceptible degrees, we accede to the centre; few have ſufficient courage of mind to oppoſe the current, but, after a faint reſiſtance, ſubmit to be whirled away with the reſt. I am a very recluſe," continued he, "ſhut out from the world; the dumb beaſt alone is my companion, he blabs not my ſecrets, he perverts not my actions, he deſerves well of my confidence." "And is there no ſelfiſhneſs in the reſolve?" replied Eliza. "Ought thoſe characters that are beſt capacitated to rectify the judgment and direct the opinions of the world to be removed from the poſt in which they can be moſt effectually ſerviceable? Does not this, likewiſe, in ſome meaſure, imply a want of courage? Is it not making ſacrifices of pleaſures deemed unworthy our acceptance, and is not religion, which was intended as a manſion of pleaſure, converted into a ſhelter from pain?" Steinfort

was

was ſtruck with the propriety of her remarks, and every moment became more intereſted in her welfare. "I will not attempt my juſtification, madam," replied he, "I have been hurried away by my feelings, and peculiar circumſtances." He then enquired if ſhe had ever reſided at S———. She replied in the affirmative. A variety of queſtions crowded upon his mind. "No doubt you have heard of ſuch a perſon as Miſs Dalton?" added he. "I know her well," anſwered Eliza. His agitation became extreme. "Madam," continued he, in an elevated voice, "you have it in your power to determine much in reſpect to the bent of my future life; and I doubt not but you will deal with me candidly. Is Miſs Dalton that capricious ſlave of vicious faſhions, that the world pictures her, or the juſt and meretorious friend of virtue?" "I hope ſhe lives but to be the latter," replied Eliza. "Thank heaven, I have done her juſtice!" exclaimed Steinfort, "vice muſt deform the fineſt ſet of features. One queſtion more, madam," continued he, "and I will trouble you no more. Have you reaſons to ſuppoſe that her affections are engaged?" "Irrevocably ſo," anſwered Eliza. The anſwer was abrupt, but immediately to the point, and he was evidently affected with it. "'Tis enough," exclaimed he, "we have all our weakneſſes—you, madam, have diſcovered mine; and forgive me, if for a moment I have forgotten your ſorrows in my own." Eliza became every moment more embarraſſed; repeatedly did ſhe attempt to declare herſelf, and as repeatedly did her reſolution fail her. At length the ſtorm having ſubſided, the ſilver moon, which had before revealed the features of Steinfort, revealed thoſe of Eliza in return!

Pleaſure winged away the firſt moments of ſurprize with Steinfort on this diſcovery, but recollection ſoon gave his thoughts a different direction. He found that Eliza was unfortunate—in love; and, perhaps, like himſelf, without hope. He ſummoned his reſolution,

and after aukwardly expreſſing his happineſs and ſurprize at ſo unexpected a pleaſure, he requeſted her to forget there was ever ſuch a perſon as Steinfort, or permit him to devote the remainder of his life to her ſervice. Eliza was ſilent. He begged the liberty of conducting her home—ſhe gave him her hand, and they walked ſilently forward. Every moment's reflection ſerved but the more to convince Steinfort of the loſs he ſuſtained in Eliza. Never did he ſtand more in need of words, and never was he ſo totally deprived of them. He wiſhed not officiouſly to ſolicit, nor ungenerouſly to extort from her thoſe ſorrows which would occaſion more pain in the recital than the concealment. They approached the gates of Eliza's reſidence, and Steinfort at length recalled his wandering intellects. He obſerved that they both had fortuitouſly became acquainted with each others misfortunes; that ſhe had learnt who was the prime object of his love, and chief cauſe of his retirement; that he would not, by an untimely officiouſneſs, queſtion her in reſpect to thoſe untoward circumſtances that had attended their acquaintance; but that all he had left to hope was from her lenity in anſwering him one queſtion, and he would never more trouble her with his preſence. She ſignified her aſſent. "Who then, madam," aſked he, "is that highly favoured ſon of mortality, reſerved for that enjoyment which my utmoſt preſumption has ſcarce dared to glance at?" "Do you wiſh him any harm?" enquired Eliza. "I wiſh him every happineſs of which human nature is ſuſceptible," replied Steinfort, "while he acts worthy of you; but when he ceaſes to do this, may the lightnings of heaven purſue him!" "Sir," rejoined Eliza, "I cannot excuſe myſelf for having dealt diſingenuouſly with you, and trifled with your exalted character. You have ſnatched me from the brink of the moſt exquiſite wretchedneſs—you have deſerved more frank and generous treatment. But I will anſwer your queſtion faithfully," continued ſhe,

ſhe, while her cheek reflected a more roſy beam, "for I am not aſhamed to own that the name of him who beſt deſerves, and alone poſſeſſes my heart, is—Steinfort." Bidding him call on her on the morrow, without giving him time to anſwer, ſhe then entered an avenue of trees, and immediately diſappeared!

Glowing with admiration, and dazzled by ſuch an unexpected proſpect of bliſs, Steinfort continued for awhile motionleſs with ſurprize; then turning his eyes from the ſpot where ſhe had diſappeared, and echoing her words, he bent his ſteps homewards with a head full f happineſs, and a heart that beat light at the thought.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION.

———Sure the ſame power
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were!

BLAIR.

SPEAKING of the Chriſtian doctrine of a reſurrection, Celſus pronounces it to be the hope of worms, and only worthy of the worms. And Pliny declares it to be one of thoſe things which it is impoſſible for even the infinite power of the Almighty to accompliſh; and many of the moderns refining upon St. Paul's illuſtrations of this intricate ſubject, roundly aſſert, that it is no where promiſed that the ſame body ſhall be raiſed up, but another which ſhall be prepared for us; but that *this* is cutting, not untying the Gordian knot, muſt be evident to every one who conſiders the ſubject for a moment. The proper notion of a reſurrection is, that it is a re-production of that which once was—the reſurrection of a body which died, diſſolved,

ſolved, and turned to duſt; and, if at the laſt day, we come forward in any other bodies but *thoſe* which are depoſited by weeping friendſhip in the duſt, the reſurrection is not a reſurrection but a new creation. In ſhort, without admitting the fact, that the body which died is the body which ſhall ariſe again, there is an evident impropriety pervading all the language of the New Teſtament.

It is confeſſed, that *this* exertion of divine power which watches over every duſt, which accompanies every eſſential particle of the man through all its changes and revolutions, and reſerves it for a day of re-union, is amazing; but is it more amazing than the work of creation? In the one caſe, ſcattered matter is ſimply collected together and rebuilt; in the other it is formed, and formed, amazing thought! out of nothing.

It will be ſaid, perhaps, that in the work of creation, there is no contradiction; but that the reſurrection involves nothing but contradiction, and comes not within the compaſs of poſſibility. Let us enquire then, what there is in the Chriſtian doctrine of a reſurrection, which thus outrages our ideas of things.

It is the accepted opinion, that when theſe tabernacles of fleſh are laid in the duſt, they preſently reſolve into their primitive principles—theſe principles are, ere long, elaborated into the food of plants, and plants, in their turn, become the food of man. On this ſuppoſition, the materials of which *I* am compoſed, may eventually paſs into the compoſition of a thouſand other men; and animated matter paſſing on from modification to modification, may appertain to a thouſand different individuals, and be excluſively appropriate to no one. This was the ground on which the ancient Sophiſts reſted their objection to the Chriſtian's hope, and was tauntingly advanced as a full and complete confutation of the doctrine in queſtion. But it is not, perhaps, quite certain, that this formidable objection is accurately

curately ſtated; and perhaps there are principles which throw a ray of light upon the difficult ſubject, and enable us to unravel its intricacies. When we talk of the reſurrection, and pronounce it to be impoſſible, we ought firſt to aſcertain what it is Chriſtianity promiſes us ſhall ariſe; in other words, what is the man? Science demonſtrates that theſe habiliments of fleſh, with which we are now clad, are ever changing. And ſome take it for granted that, at the preſent moment, we are not in poſſeſſion of an individual atom of what we once were *. But though we are thus for ever fluctuating,

* Sanctorius has diſcovered, that, in the warmer latitudes, the human body perſpires about 50 ounces a day. Suppoſing now that a man weighs 160lb. in fifty-one days he diſcharges then, through the emunctories, a quantity of perſpirable matter, the ſpecific gravity of which is equal to his own; from hence, in connection with the other evacuations, which are at the ſame time carrying on, it has been concluded that the whole human body undergoes a complete change and renewal at ſtated intervals.—But this is drawing a haſty concluſion, and begging the queſtion rather than demonſtrating it. Though the fluids which we appropriate to our uſe may be ſublimed, it by no means follows that the ſolids are ſublimed alſo. Nay, it is demonſtrable, that the ſolids are not capable of being evaporated by perſpiration; and, conſequently, that the complete and entire change of our corporeal ſyſtem, is, at leaſt, queſtionable. In addition to this, it is found by continual experience, that the effect of changes which take place in the conſtitution in infancy, accompanies us to the lateſt period of life, and equally affects the original and the renovated body; the inference from which is, that the renovated body is, in baſis, the body which originally was; for inſtance, the ſmall-pox affects the human frame but once. How if the ſeat of this diſeaſe, in common with the reſt of the body, be changed every fifty days, what matters it that the body which I occupied in infancy, was purified of it? If I have *now* a *totally* renovated, a totally new body, I muſt certainly be juſt as liable to the contagion at the preſent moment as ever I was; but this

fluctuating, man is the man he was, ere yet the functions of nature had elaborated a particle of his present compoſition; though care has plowed its furrows on his brow, and the winter of age has ſcared the roſe-buds of infancy and youth from his cheeks, *he* continues the ſelf ſame individual ſtill. It follows then that man is man, not becauſe his corporeal ſyſtem is from day to day amplified by the nutriment which he applies to his uſe. There is *a ſomewhat*, independent of theſe ever fluctuating materials which deſignates the man; of courſe, when we riſe at the ſummons of the archangel's trumpet, it is by no means indiſpenſable to our identity, that theſe periſhing materials ſhould riſe with us. In ſhort, when the adverſaries of Chriſtianity pronounce the reſurrection to be impoſſible, becauſe the ſame matter enters into the amplification of different bodies, they paſs their ſentence without duly conſidering the caſe. Locke, Biſhop Newton, and others, ſuppoſe that *this* undefineable ſomewhat, which conſtitutes identy, is the conſciouſneſs which accompanies through every ſtage of life; but conſciouſneſs is an operation of the mind, not of the body, and, of courſe, has nothing to do with the ſubject farther, than as it ſerves to aſcertain myſelf to myſelf; add to which, that conſciouſneſs may be ſuſpended, and even annihilated, while perſonal identity remains; and, laſtly, if conſciouſneſs and identity be one and the ſame, the ſtroke which deprives me of any part of myſelf, ought alſo to deſpoil me of a portion of my conſciouſneſs, conſequently conſciouſneſs cannot conſtitute identity. Individuality is an inexplicable ſomewhat, which, indepen-

but this is contrary to fact. The concluſion then follows that, at leaſt, the *ſeat of this diſeaſe* in the human body, is neither thrown off by perſpiatrion or digeſtion, but continues unaltered for life; and if there be one portion of the human frame which accompanies him through all the changes and viciſſitudes of life, there may be another alſo equally permanent and fixed.

dent

dent of this waxing and waning flesh, is attached to the body; and if *this* rises from the dust at the last day, the resurrection is complete.

Moreover that the essential particles of which one man is compounded, enter into union with the particles, and form essential parts of another man, is not yet demonstrated. It is by no means clear, that the no longer tenantable body which we number with our fathers, is capable of becoming the nutriment of plants, and, consequently of man; to ascertain this point, many a laborious analysis, and many an accurate experiment are wanting. Experience has shewn, that vegetable life deducts nothing from the specific gravity of the soil on which it flourishes. The earth is but an elaboratory, in which nature prepares food for the cattle and "herb for the service of man," but deducts nothing from the elaboratory itself. For the same reason, when we are committed to the dust, the remnant which affection has bathed with its tears, becomes an elaboratory too *; dissolving,

* What is the process of nutrition? Philosophy has recently discovered, that the combination of impalpable gasses will, sometimes, produce a palpable result; thus *rain* is the product of different gasses clashing in the atmosphere, and it is not improbable that the combination of other gasses may produce other results; in short, that both vegetable and animal matter may be nothing more than different combinations of gas; at least it seems to be the process by which vegetable life is carried on. The absorbent vessels known to be in the roots, appropriate to themselves one species of gas, extricated by putrefaction from perishing substances deposited in the earth; the absorbents which have been detected in the foilage, appropriate to themselves another species of gas, floating in the air; these different gasses coming into contact in the body of the plant, form there the matter of which it is compounded; hence in the leaf where one species of gas preponderates, we find one kind of substance. In the root, where the other species of gas preponderates, we find another kind of substance. In the trunk, where both meet in their proper proportions, the work

diſſolving, its adventitious matter may ſerve as a flux, menſtruum for the generation of the various gaſſes on which vegetable life ſubſiſts; but the duſt abides the ſame, and knows no other change till the laſt trump ſhall bid it reſume its priſtine form—ſhall bid it riſe! In ſhort, man may, perhaps, be aptly compared to a curious ſyſtem of fibres, amplified by adventitious nutriment; that adventitious nutriment may be common to a thouſand generations, but the ſyſtem of fibres is all his own, it goes down with him to the grave. It remains there unchanged, unappropriated, and riſes again at the general reſtoration day; accordingly when we examine the ſarcophagi in which the remains of thoſe who once trod the ſtage of life have undergone the undiſturbed proceſs of decay, what do we find? A few handfuls of impalpable duſt! A mere mortuum caput, which chemiſtry can ſublime or reduce no farther; all that was changeable is eſcaped, what remains no art can change. This ſuppoſition admitted, the difficulty involved in the reſurrection vaniſhes. This radical principle, which conſtitutes the man, may be infinitely comminuted. It may be ſcattered by the winds; it may be toſſed upon the waves; but he who formed it firſt can collect it together again; however broken down he can rear it up anew!

work of nature is complete—the tranſition from hence is obvious. Matter thus elaborated, paſſing into the animal ſtomach, the component gaſſes are there extricated again by the proceſs of digeſtion, and entering into combination with other gaſſes, extricated from other digeſting ſubſtances, forms that new matter which is properly the nutriment of man; we are, therefore, in fact, but little indebted to animal matter for our ſuſtenance. Strictly ſpeaking, animal matter is that only which is properly and excluſively animals' — what it has received from vegetable life, *we* receive in our turn, reduce to its firſt principles, and then appropriate to ourſelves—what is properly animal ſubmits not to this proceſs, of courſe is not appropriated, but paſſes off in the fæces.

BIOGRA-

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. MORSE, D. D.

Miniſter at Charleſtown, near Boſton, and Author of the American Geography.

THE death of this great man has rendered an account of his life particularly deſirable. To a nation whoſe feelings ſeem to be abſorbed by this moſt afflicting event, whoſe attention is chiefly directed to the contemplation of the reſplendent virtues of the deceaſed Father of his country, every circumſtance of his life has become intereſting.

I have not the vanity to aſſume to be the biographer of General Waſhington. This arduous, honourable, and uſeful taſk, is probably already aſſigned, by proper authority, to a man competent to its execution, and who is already, or will be, in poſſeſſion of all the requiſite documents for ſo important a work. But having heretofore given to the public, in a work * deſigned for their uſe, a brief ſketch of his life, I hope they will not conſider it as preſumption in me, if, with a view to ſatisfy, in ſome degree, ſolicitous inquiries on the ſubject, and as a humble tribute to the memory of the *firſt of men*, I reviſe and enlarge this ſketch, and in an improved form, at this moment of general feeling, offer it to their peruſal.

The late General Waſhington was born in the pariſh of Waſhington, Weſtmoreland county, in Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was the third ſon of Mr. Auguſtine Waſhington, a planter or farmer of reſpectable

* New edition of the American Geography, 4to. 1799. Stockdale, London.

talents, diſtinguiſhed reputation, and large eſtate in Virginia. The anceſtors of this gentleman, about the year 1657, removed from Yorkſhire, in England, to Virginia, and ſettled in King George's County, where, at the commencement of our revolution, the General had three brothers living, viz. Samuel, John, and Charles, all gentlemen of conſiderable landed property, and a ſiſter, the wife of Col. Fielding Lewis *.

The General was the firſt fruit of a ſecond marriage. His early education, conducted by a private tutor, under the direction of his father, was ſuch as favoured the production of an athletic and vigorous body, and the formation of a correct and ſolid mind. Inhaling a pure mountain air, accuſtomed to the healthful occupations of rural life, and to the manly toils of the chaſe, his limbs expanded to an unuſual, robuſt, but well proportioned and graceful ſize, adapted to endure the fatigues of his future life, and to ſuſtain the active energies of his noble ſoul.

By his tutor he was taught the rudiments of the Latin language, Engliſh grammar, and the elements of the mathematicks. At the age of ten years his father died, and the charge of a numerous family devolved on his eldeſt brother, Mr. Lawrence Waſhington. This brother, a young gentleman of moſt promiſing talents, had a captain's command in the colonial troops, employed againſt Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon. On his return from this expedition, he married the daughter of the Honourable William Fairfax, of Belvoir, and ſettled on his patrimonial eſtate, which he called Mount Vernon, in honour of his admiral, from whom he had received many civilities. He was afterwards made adjutant-general of the militia of Virginia,

* See a letter, written at an early period of the American Revolution, by John Bell, Eſq. of Maryland, to a friend in Europe, and publiſhed in the Maſſachuſetts Magazine for March, 1791.

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but did not long ſurvive his appointment. He left one daughter, who dying young, and his ſecond brother alſo having deceaſed without iſſue, the General ſucceeded to the family ſeat, and to a very conſiderable landed eſtate.

It is a circumſtance which ought not to be here omitted, that, at the age of fifteen, he was entered a midſhipman on board a Britiſh ſhip of war, ſtationed on the coaſt of Virginia, and his baggage prepared for embarkation; but his mother, then a widow, expreſſing her reluctance at his engaging in that profeſſion, the plan was abandoned.

The office of adjutant-general, made vacant by the death of his brother, in conſequence of the extenſive limits of the province, was now divided into three diſtricts; and the future hero of America, before he had completed his twentieth year, began his military ſervice by a principal appointment in that department, with the rank of Major.

When he was little more than twenty years of age, an event occurred which called forth his great talents into public notice and exerciſe. In 1753, the French from Canada, aided by the Indians, whom they engaged for the purpoſe, made inroads and encroachments upon the weſtern frontiers, along the Allegany and Ohio rivers. Orders were received from England by the Governor * and Council of Virginia, to repel by force theſe encroachments. It was however thought a prudent preliminary ſtep, to make an effort to prevent open hoſtilities, by friendly and ſpirited remonſtrances to the French, and conciliatory overtures to the Indians. Major Waſhington was deputed to undertake this important and perilous embaſſy. Accordingly he was diſpatched by the Governor, with a letter to the Commander in Chief of the French, on the Ohio, com-

* Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie at this time adminiſtered the government.

plaining of the infractions of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns; and with instructions and plenary powers to treat with the Six Nations, and other tribes of Western Indians, and to secure their attachment to England. He commenced his journey late in October, with about fifteen attendants, and endured the fatigues, and performed the duties of his mission, with singular fortitude, industry, intelligence, and address. When he returned with Monsieur de St. Pierre's answer, and gave information of his success in his negociations with the Indians, he received the approbation and thanks of his country. His journal* and report to Governor Dinwiddie, which were published at the time, early announced to the world, that strength and correctness of mind, ease and manliness of style, and that judgment, method, and accuracy in doing business, which have since characterized him in conducting more arduous affairs. His journal for many years after, proved of essential service to travellers into that western wilderness.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances made by the government of Virginia, to the French Commandant on the Ohio, through Major Washington, hostile operations in that quarter, were still continued, as part of a meditated plan of general attack upon the then British colonies. In this state of things, orders were received from the mother country, for the colonies to unite, and prepare to defend themselves. The assembly of Virnia took the lead; and early in the year 1754, voted a sum of money for the public service, and agreed to raise a regiment of 400 men for the defence of the frontiers of that colony. Mr. Fry, one of the professors of the college of William and Mary, was appointed Colonel of this regiment, and Major Washington, then about

* This Journal was published in the Massachusetts Magazine for June and July 1789, from a copy sent to the writer of this, from his correspondent in Virginia.

twenty-

twenty-three years of age, received the commiſſion of Lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Fry died ſhortly after his appointment, and left his regiment and rank to the ſecond in command.

Colonel Waſhington was now indefatigable in his efforts to form his regiment, to eſtabliſh magazines, and open roads ſo as to pre-occupy the advantageous poſt at the confluence of the Allegany and Monongahela rivers (now *Pittſburgh)* which he had recommended for that purpoſe, in his report the preceding year. Impreſſed with the neceſſity of expedition in accompliſhing this important object, without waiting for a detachment of independent regulars, and ſome companies of provincials from the neighbouring colonies, who were expected to join him, he commenced his march in the month of May.

On his way, at a place called Red Stone, he met a ſtrong party of French and Indians, which he engaged and routed, after killing and capturing fifty of the enemy. Among the priſoners was the celebrated Monſ. de la Force, and two other officers, from whom Colonel Waſhington received intelligence, that the French forces on the Ohio, conſiſted of upwards of 1000 regulars, and ſeveral hundred Indians, and that they had already erected a fort at the poſt he had intended to occupy, which they called *Fort du Queſne.* Upon this intelligence, he took his ſtation with his little army, at a place called *Great Meadows*, for the conveniency of forage and ſupplies, where he built a temporary ſtockade to cover his forces, and named it *Fort Neceſſity.* Here he waited the arrival of expected ſuccours from New York and Pennſylvania, but was joined by Captain M'Kay's regulars only, which increaſed his force to about 400 effective men. He remained unmoleſted till July, when he received information from his ſcouts, that a conſiderable party of the enemy was approaching to reconnoitre his poſt; he ſallied and defeated them;

but in return was attacked by an army of French and Indians, computed to have been 1500 ſtrong, under the command of the Sieur de Villiers. The little garriſon made a gallant defence of ſeveral hours, during which they killed nearly 200 of the enemy, and more than one third of their own number were either killed or wounded. The French commander, diſcouraged by ſuch bold oppoſition, propoſed a parley, which terminated in an honourable capitulation. Colonel Waſhington, at the head of his troops, quitted the fort with the honours of war, agreeable to the articles of capitulation, and carried with him his military ſtores, and baggage; but the French commander, either unable or unwilling, did not reſtrain his Indian auxiliaries from plundering the provincials, and making a conſiderable ſlaughter of men, cattle, and horſes. After this diſaſter, the remains of the Virginia regiment returned to Alexandria to recruit.

The Britiſh ambaſſador at the court of Verſailles, was directed to remonſtrate to the French government againſt the breach of the articles of capitulation above mentioned; and this may be conſidered as the period when the French court began to unmaſk, and to diſcover that the conduct of its governors and officers in America, was in conformity to their orders. After this, warlike preparations on the frontiers were made by the French with redoubled activity, and were continued through the winter of 1754, and the ſpring of 1755.

During this period the government of Virginia raiſed an additional number of troops, who built Fort Cumberland, and Fort Loudon, and formed a camp at Wills Creek, a ſituation convenient for the annoyance of the enemy on the Ohio. In all theſe ſervices, and particularly in the erection of the forts, Colonel Waſhington was actively and principally employed.

At this time, May 1755, General Braddock arrived at

at Alexandria, from England, with two veteran regiments from Ireland, to which were to be joined the independent and provincial corps of America, and at the head of this army he was to repel the invaders of the colonial frontiers. Upon a royal arrangement of rank, by which "no officer who did not *immediately* derive his commiſſion from the King, could command one who did," Colonel Waſhington reſigned his commiſſion, and as a volunteer and extra Aid-de-camp, joined General Braddock. The army marched directly to Fort du Queſne, by the route of Wills Creek. No perſon was ſo well acquainted with this route as Colonel Waſhington, and no other officer in the colony, at this time, ſuſtained ſo high and well eſtabliſhed a military reputation; and had his counſel been ſufficiently regarded, there is reaſon to believe the misfortunes which followed would have been prevented. In his route, General Braddock unexpectedly, and of conſequence, unpreparedly, met a large body of the enemy. Without detailing minutely the particulars of the hard fought and bloody battle which enſued, and which terminated in the total defeat of Braddock's army, which conſiſted of 2000 regular Britiſh forces, and nearly 800 provincials, I ſhall only ſay, in the words of the reſpectable and correct writer * to whom I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this ſketch, that "it is allowed on all ſides, that the haughty behaviour of General Braddock, his high contempt of the provincial officers and ſoldiers, and his diſdainful obſtinacy in rejecting their advice, were the cauſes of this fatal diſaſter. With what reſolution and ſteadineſs the provincials, and their gallant commander (Colonel Waſhington) behaved on this trying occaſion, and in covering the confuſed retreat of the army † let every Britiſh officer and ſoldier

* John Bell, Eſq.

† See Captain Orme's Letter to Governor Dinwiddie, and alſo the other accounts of that day.

confeſs,

confeſs, who were reſcued from ſlaughter on that calamitous day by their valour and conduct."

To this information it is proper to add, that Colonel Waſhington was the only officer, whoſe duty obliged him to be on horſeback during the battle, who was not either killed or wounded. Providence ſeemed to reſerve him to ſave from utter deſtruction the wreck of a defeated army. Having ſecured their paſſage over the Ford of the Monongahela, and finding the enemy did not purſue their victory, Colonel Waſhington haſtened to concert meaſures for their further ſecurity, with Colonel Dunbar, who had remained ſome diſtance in the rear, with the ſecond diviſion of the armv and the heavy baggage. To effect this, he travelled with two guides, all night, through a dreary wilderneſs, notwithſtanding the fatigues of the preceding day, and the enfeebled ſtate of his health, having but imperfectly recovered from ſickneſs. So exhauſted was he in the morning, that he was obliged to be ſupported with cuſhions on his horſe. The public accounts of this affair, both in England and America, were not parſimonious of applauſe for the eſſential ſervice he had rendered his country on ſo trying an occaſion.

Not long after this time, the regulation of rank, which had been ſo injurious to the Colonial officers, was changed to their ſatisfaction, in conſequence of the diſcontent of the officers, and the remonſtrance of Colonel Waſhington; and the government of Virginia, impreſſed with a due ſenſe of his merits, gave him, in a new and extenſive commiſſion, the command of all the troops raiſed, and to be raiſed in that colony. This commiſſion he held, with ſignal credit to himſelf, and advantage to his country, till 1759, when tranquillity being reſtored on the frontiers of the middle colonies, and his conſtitution having become extremely enfeebled and endangered by an inveterate pulmonary complaint, he reſigned his military appointment. Impartial hiſtorians will do juſtice to his character, in detailing the judicious

judicious plans he ſuggeſted, and the ſyſtem he purſued for defending the frontiers, and his perſonal hazards, bravery, and achievements previouſly to the period of his reſignation. Nor are authentic documents wanting to ſhew the tender regret which the Virginia line expreſſed at parting with their Commander, and the affectionate regard which he entertained for them.

From this period, till the year 1775, he cultivated the arts of peace. Soon after he reſigned his commiſſion in 1759, his health having been gradually re-eſtabliſhed, he married the preſent Mrs. Waſhington, then Mrs. Martha Cuſtis*, an amiable and beautiful young widow, "with whom he had a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds ſterling in her own right, beſides her dower in one of the principal eſtates in Virginia †," and ſettled as a planter and farmer, at his favourite, delightful ſeat, the far-famed Mount Vernon.

General Waſhington was the largeſt landholder, probably, in the United States. Beſides the large eſtates which came into his poſſeſſion by his marriage, and by the death of Mrs. Waſhington's only daughter (amounting in the whole to thirty thouſand pounds ſterling), he owned large tracts of excellent land in different parts of the ſtate, which, in early life, while he was Surveyor, he had taken up for himſelf, or purchaſed of officers who had lands allotted them for their ſervices. He alſo made large additions to his eſtate at Mount Vernon, which, in 1787, conſiſted of about nine thouſand acres, under his own cultivation. His income from his eſtates was reckoned, in 1776, to amount, at leaſt, to *four thouſand pounds ſterling a year*; and it was then ſuppoſed they would have ſold for more than *one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds* ‡ of the ſame money, equal to upwards of 666,000 dollars. There

* General and Mrs. Waſhington were both born in the ſame year.

† Bell's Letter.

‡ Ibid.

can

can be no doubt, that under his ſuperintendence and admirable management, his property has ſince much increaſed.

General Waſhington was not leſs diſtinguiſhed as a *farmer*, than as a *warrior* and a *ſtateſman*. He undertook every thing on a great ſcale, proportioned to his great and comprehenſive mind; and his exact and exemplary method in tranſacting all his buſineſs, enabled him to accompliſh more, and in a more perfect and advantageous manner, than perhaps any other man of the age. He has raiſed ſeven thouſand buſhels of Wheat, and ten thouſand of Indian corn in one year, on his eſtate at Mount Vernon. In a ſucceeding year he raiſed two hundred lambs, ſowed twenty-ſeven buſhels of flax-ſeed, and planted more than ſeven hundred buſhels of potatoes. At the ſame time he had manufactured under his eye, by his domeſtics, linen and woollen cloth ſufficient for his houſehold, which conſiſted of nearly a thouſand ſouls. His land, deſigned for cultivation, he had encloſed in lots of equal dimenſions, and crops aſſigned to each for many years. On Saturday in the afternoon, every week, he was accuſtomed to receive reports from all his overſeers, (and theſe reports, I have been informed, were received and attended to conſtantly, during the period of his command of our armies and his Preſidency of the United States), which reports were correctly regiſtered in books kept for the purpoſe; ſo that at the end of the year, he was able, accurately, to aſcertain the quantity of labour beſtowed on each of the ſeveral lots, and the amount of the produce. Order and economy were eſtabliſhed in all the departments within and without doors.

Agriculture was his favourite employment, and he purſued it in a manner worthy of himſelf. One great object which he ever kept in view, was to introduce or augment the culture of thoſe articles which he conceived would be the moſt beneficial in their conſequences to his country. Upon this principle, he early gave up planting

planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming buſineſs. To acquire and communicate practical knowledge, he correſponded with the celebrated Mr. Arthur Young of England, and with many agricultural gentlemen in this country. As improvement was known to be his object, he was in the habit of receiving rare ſeeds, and reſults of new projects from every quarter. He likewiſe made copious notes, relative to his own experiments, the ſtate of the ſeaſons, the nature of ſoils, of which he was an excellent judge, and the effects of different kinds of manure, and ſuch other topics, as tended to the improvement of agriculture.

While he was thus uſefully occupied as a farmer, and giving to all around him, and to poſterity, a noble example of induſtry, economy, and good management, he was, at the ſame time, aſſiduous in ſerving the ſtate. From the time he left the army in 1759, until the year 1774, he was conſtantly a member of aſſembly; he was alſo a magiſtrate of the county in which he lived, and a judge of the court. He was elected a delegate to the firſt Congreſs in 1774, and to that which aſſembled the year following.

It was while he was a member of this aſſembly of the wiſeſt men in America, that he was, on the 15th of June, 1775, by their unanimous vote, appointed Commander in Chief of all the forces raiſed, or to be raiſed for the defence of the then colonies. He accepted his appointment; with what diffidence and diſintereſtedneſs, his reply to the Preſident of the Congreſs, when his appointment was announced to him, witneſſes. "It was a fortunate circumſtance, attending his election, that it was accompanied with no competition, and followed by no envy. That ſame general impulſe on the public mind, which led the coloniſts to agree in many other particulars, pointed to him as the moſt proper perſon for preſiding over the military arrangements of America. Not only Congreſs, but the inhabitants in the

the eaſt and weſt, in the north and ſouth, as well before as at the time of employing a continental army, were in a great degree unanimous in his favour *." "The very high eſtimation he ſtood in for integrity and honour, his engaging in the cauſe of his country from ſentiment and a conviction of her wrongs, his moderation in politics, his extenſive property, and his approved abilities as a military commander, were motives which obliged the choice of America to fall upon him. †"

We have now arrived at a period in the life of this great man, ſince which, the events of it have been more conſpicuous and more generally intereſting: and it is the leſs neceſſary to particularize them in this place, becauſe they have been often detailed, and are familiar to almoſt every perſon. I will only obſerve, that General Waſhington arrived at the camp in Cambridge, and took the ſupreme command of the American army, July 2, 1775. "He was received with that heart-felt exultation, which ſuperior merit alone can inſpire, after having, in his progreſs through the States, been honoured with every mark of affection and eſteem which they conceived were due to the man, to whom the whole continent looked up for ſafety and freedom ‡."

It is hoped poſterity will be taught, in what manner he transformed an undiſciplined body of peaſantry into a regular army of ſoldiers. Commentaries on his campaigns would undoubtedly be highly intereſting and inſtructive to future generations. The conduct of the firſt campaign, in compelling the Britiſh troops to abandon Boſton by a bloodleſs victory, will merit a minute narration. But a volume would ſcarcely contain the mortifications he experienced, and the hazards to which he was expoſed in 1776 and 1777, in contending againſt the proweſs of Britain, with an inadequate force. His

* Ramſay's Hiſt. Rev. Vol. I. p. 192.
† Bell.
‡ Ibid.

good deſtiny and conſummate prudence, prevented want of ſucceſs from producing want of confidence on the part of the public; for want of ſucceſs is apt to lead to the adoption of pernicious counſels through the verſatility of the people, or the ambition of demagogues. Shortly after this period, ſprang up the only cabal that ever exiſted during his public life, to rob him of his reputation and command. It proved as impotent in effect, as it was audacious in deſign. In the three ſucceeding years the germ of diſcipline unfolded; and the reſources of America having been called into co-operation with the land and naval forces of France, produced the glorious concluſion of the campaign in 1781. From this time the gloom began to diſappear from our political horizon, and the affairs of the union proceeded in a meliorating train, until a peace was moſt ably negociated by our ambaſſadors in Europe, in 1783.

No perſon, who had not the advantage of being preſent when General Waſhington received the intelligence of peace, and who did not accompany him to his domeſtic retirement, can deſcribe the relief which that joyful event brought to his labouring mind, or the ſupreme ſatisfaction with which he withdrew to private life. From his triumphant entry into New York, upon the evacuation of that city by the Britiſh army, to his arrival at Mount Vernon, after the reſignation of his commiſſion to Congreſs, feſtive crowds impeded his paſſage through all the populous towns, the devotion of a whole people purſued him with prayers to Heaven for bleſſings on his head, while their gratitude ſought the moſt expreſſive language of manifeſting itſelf to him as their common father and benefactor. When he became a private citizen, he had the unuſual felicity to find that his native ſtate was among the moſt zealous to do juſtice to his merits: and that ſtronger demonſtrations of affectionate eſteem (if poſſible) were given by the citizens of his neighbourhood, than by any other deſcription of men on the continent. But he conſtantly

declined accepting any compenſation for his ſervices or proviſion for the augmented expences incurred in conſequence of his public employment, although propoſals were made in the moſt delicate manner, particularly by the ſtates of Virginia and Pennſylvania.

The virtuous ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed the private life of General Waſhington, though leſs known than the dazzling ſplendour of his military atchievements, is not leſs edifying in example, or worthy the attention of his countrymen. The conſpicuous character he acted on the theatre of human affairs, the uniform dignity with which he ſuſtained his part amidſt difficulties of the moſt diſcouraging nature, and the glory of having arrived through them at the hour of triumph, made many official and literary perſons, on both ſides of the ocean, ambitious of a correſpondence with him. Theſe correſpondences unavoidably engroſſed a great portion of his time; and the communications contained in them, combined with the numerous periodical publications and newſpapers which he peruſed, rendered him, as it were, the *focus of political intelligence for the New World.* Nor were his converſations with well-informed men leſs conducive to bring him acquainted with the various events which happened in different countries of the globe. Every foreigner of diſtinction, who travelled in America, made it a point to viſit him. Members of Congreſs, and other dignified perſonages, did not paſs his houſe, without calling to pay him their reſpects. As another ſource of information, it may be mentioned, that many literary productions were ſent him annually by their authors in Europe; and that there was ſcarcely one work written in America on any art, ſcience, or ſubject, which did not ſeek his protection, or which was not offered to him as a token of gratitude. Mechanical inventions were frequently ſubmitted to him for his approbation, and natural curioſities preſented for his inveſtigation. But the multiplicity of epiſtolary applications, often on the

the remains of ſome buſineſs which happened when he was commander in chief; ſometimes on ſubjects foreign to his ſituation, frivolous in their nature, and intended merely to gratify the vanity of the writers by drawing anſwers from him, was truly diſtreſſing and almoſt incredible. His benignity in anſwering perhaps increaſed the number. Had he not huſbanded every moment to the beſt advantage, it would not have been in his power to have noticed the vaſt variety of ſubjects that claimed his attention.

In this manner he ſpent his time from the peace of 1783, till he was elected a member of the convention who framed, in Philadelphia, in the ſummer of 1787, the preſent conſtitution of the United States. Of this convention of ſages he was choſen Preſident, and with his name he has ſanctioned the conſtitution of their and his country's choice.

When this conſtitution, adopted by the nation, was to be organized and put in operation, by an election of the proper officers, the United States "ſtedfaſt in their preference, with one voice ſummoned their beloved Waſhington, unpractiſed as he was in the duties of civil adminiſtration," to the chair of government. He heard their voice "with veneration and love*," and with that ſelf diffidence and modeſty which ever accompany pre-eminent merit, he obeyed their ſummons. On the 30th of April 1789, he was inaugurated Preſident of the United States, in the city of New York, amidſt the acclamations of thouſands of ſpectators. "It ſeemed, by the number of witneſſes," ſays one who beheld the intereſting ſcene, "to be a ſolemn appeal to heaven and earth at once. Upon the ſubject of this great and good man I may perhaps be an enthuſiaſt: but I confeſs, I was under an awful and religious perſuaſion, that the gracious Ruler of the Univerſe was

* See his ſpeech at the opening of the firſt Congreſs, quoted p. 38. Note

looking down at that moment, with peculiar complacency, on an act which, to a part of his creatures, was so very important. Under this impression, when the chancellor pronounced, in a very feeling manner, "*Long live* GEORGE WASHINGTON," my sensibility was wound up to such a pitch, that I could do no more than wave my hat with the rest, without the power of joining in the repeated acclamations which rent the air."

In the autumn after his induction into office, he visited the eastern states; with how much delight and advantage to the people, and satisfaction to his own mind, let the volume of their addresses and his answers testify.

With what dignity, wisdom, firmness, integrity, and high and general approbation, he performed the duties of his most arduous, elevated, and responsible office, during his eight years administration, his eulogists have eloquently announced, and historians will record with pride and admiration. "Commencing his administration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wise principles announced by himself, as the basis of his political life. He best understood the indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and individual felicity: watching with an equal and comprehensive eye over this great assemblage of communities and interests, he laid the foundations of our national policy, in the unerring and immutable principles of morality, based on religion, exemplifying the pre-eminence of free government, by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the respect of the world *."

During his administration as our Supreme Execu-

* Major-general Henry Lee's Funeral Oration, p. 12.

tive

tive Magiſtrate, " His talents and his virtues increaſed with his cares. His ſoul ſeemed not to bear the limits of office a moment after the obligations of duty and patriotiſm withdrew their reſtraints from his univerſal love. When the miſguided ſavages of the wilderneſs, after feeling his chaſtiſement, had ſued for peace, he ſeemed to labour for their happineſs as the common repreſentative of mankind. Inſurrection was ſo ſtruck at his countenance that it fled from the ſhock of his arms. Intrigue attempted to entangle him in her poiſonous web, but he burſt it with gigantic ſtrength, and cruſhed her labours. Anarchy looked out from her cavern, and was daſhed into oblivion, as we truſt, for ever. The nations of Europe ſaw the wiſdom of our laws, the vigour of our meaſures, the juſtice of our policy, the firmneſs of our government, and acquieſced in the neutrality of our ſtation *."

Twice elected by the unanimous voice of his country to the Preſidential chair, when the period for a third election arrived, in September 1796, when the ſtate of his country was ſuch that he conſidered it no longer neceſſary for him to ſacrifice his inclination to his duty, he announced to his fellow citizens in an addreſs which will be immortal as his name, his determination to retire, and requeſting them not to conſider him as a candidate for their future ſuffrages; thus preventing " the anxious wiſhes of an affectionate people from adding a third unanimous teſtimonial of their unabated confidence in the man ſo long enthroned in their hearts." Having ſpent *forty-five* years of his life in the ſervice of his country, he conſoled himſelf with the hope that he was now quitting for ever " the boundleſs field of public action, inceſſant trouble, and high reſponſibility, in which he had ſo long acted a principal part; but this fond hope was not realized. He had not yet arrived at the pinnacle of human greatneſs. One aſcending

* Judge Minot's Euology, p. 15.

ſtep yet remained untaken. From March 1797 to July 1798, he lived in peace, at his beloved retreat, diſcharging the duties of a private citizen, with a condeſcenſion and greatneſs of mind peculiar to himſelf. At the latter period, "when every thing we hold dear and ſacred was ſeriouſly threatened*," the voice of his countrymen was raiſed to him, as the inſtrument, under Providence, for their protection: he heard it, and inſtantly obeyed; and thus advanced the laſt aſcending ſtep in the career of earthly glory! On this high and commanding ground he ſtood, venerable in ſervices as in years, the cement and the bulwark of our nation, till the 14th of December 1799, when he was ſummoned above to join that noble company of the "wiſe, who ſhall ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmament, and as the ſtars, for ever and ever!"

His laſt ſickneſs was ſhort and painful. On Thurſday the 12th he was abroad on one of his plantations. The day was rainy, and he took cold; which, on Friday, produced a violent inflammation in the throat. The following night his diſeaſe became very alarming, and he was urged to ſend to Alexandria for his phyſician. His humanity for his ſervants prevented it till the next morning. At eleven o'clock on Saturday his phyſician arrived. It was too late. The hand of death was already upon him. Though his diſtreſs was extreme, he was calm and reſigned. "He informed his attendants that his affairs were in good order; that he had made his will, and that his public buſineſs was but two days behind hand." A very ſhort time before he died, he ſaid to his phyſician, "*Doctor, what is the clock? How long am I to remain in this ſituation?* The Doctor replied, "*Not long, ſir.*" He then rejoined with the firmeſt countenance, "*I have no fear, Doctor, to die.*" His breathing ſoon grew ſhorter, and preſently after he expired without a ſigh or a groan:"

* General Waſhington's Letter of Acceptance.

"When

" When keeneſt anguiſh rack'd his mighty mind,
And the fond heart the joys of life reſign'd,
No guilt nor terror ſtretch'd its hard controul,
No doubt obſcur'd the ſunſhine of the ſoul.
Prepar'd for death, his calm and ſteady eye
Look'd fearleſs upward to a peaceful ſky;
While wondering angels point the airy road,
Which leads the Chriſtian to the throne of GOD."

General Waſhington in his perſon was tall, upright, and well made; in his manners eaſy and unaffected. His eyes were of a blueiſh caſt, not prominent, indicative of deep thoughtfulneſs, and when in action, on great occaſions, remarkably lively. His features ſtrong, manly, and commanding; his temper reſerved and ſerious; his countenance grave, compoſed, and ſenſible. There was in his whole appearance an unuſual dignity and gracefulneſs, which at once ſecured for him profound reſpect, and cordial eſteem. He ſeemed born to command his fellow men. In his official capacity he received applicants for favours, and anſwered their requeſts with ſo much eaſe, condeſcenſion, and kindneſs, as that each retired, believing himſelf a favourite of his chief. He had an excellent and well cultivated underſtanding; a correct, diſcerning, and comprehenſive mind; a memory remarkably retentive; energetic paſſions under perfect controul; a judgment ſober, deliberate, and ſound. He was a man of the ſtricteſt honour and honeſty, fair and honourable in his dealings; and punctual to his engagements. His diſpoſition was mild, kind, and generous. Candour, ſincerity, moderation, and ſimplicity, were, in common, prominent features in his character; but when an occaſion called, he was capable of diſplaying the moſt determined bravery, firmneſs, and independence. He was an affectionate huſband, a faithful friend, a humane maſter, and a father to the poor. He lived in the unvarying habits of regularity, temperance, and induſtry. He ſteadily roſe at the dawn of day, and retired to reſt

uſually

uſually at nine o'clock in the evening. The intermediate hours all had their proper buſineſs aſſigned them. In his allotments for the revolving hours, religion was not forgotten. Feeling, what he ſo often publickly acknowledged, his entire dependence on God, he daily, at ſtated ſeaſons, retired to his cloſet, to worſhip at his footſtool, and to aſk his divine bleſſing. He was remarkable for his ſtrict obſervation of the ſabbath, and exemplary in his attendance on public worſhip.

Of his faith in the truth and excellence of the holy ſcriptures, he gave evidence, not only by his excellent and moſt exemplary life, but in his writings, eſpecially when he aſcribes the meliorated condition of mankind, and the increaſed bleſſings of ſociety, "*above all, to the* pure *and benign light of* revelation;" and when he offers to God, his earneſt prayer "that he would moſt graciouſly be pleaſed to diſpoſe us all to do juſtice, to love mercy, and to demean ourſelves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteriſtics of the *Divine Author of our bleſſed religion*; without an humble imitation of whoſe example, in theſe things, we can never hope to be a happy nation *." In an addreſs to him, immediately after he commenced his Preſidency over the United States, from a venerable and reſpectable body of men, who were in the beſt ſituation to know his religious character, and who, no doubt, expreſſed what they knew, is the following teſtimony to his faith in Chriſtianity. "But we derive a preſage," ſay they, "even more flattering from the piety of your character. Public virtue is the moſt certain mean of public felicity; and religion is the ſureſt baſis of virtue. We therefore eſteem it a peculiar happineſs to behold in our Chief Magiſtrate, a *ſteady, uniform, avowed friend of the Chriſtian religion*; who has commenced his adminiſtration in rational and

* See his "Farewell Orders to the Armies of the United States," dated Rocky Hill, near Princeton, Nov. 2, 1783.

exalted

exalted ſentiments of piety, and who, in his private conduct, *adorns the doctrines of the Goſpel of Chriſt* *." Grounded on thoſe pure and excellent doctrines, to which his life was ſo conformable; copying as he did, with ſuch exemplary ſtrictneſs and uniformity, the precepts of Chriſt, we have ſtrong conſolation and joy in believing, that ere this, he has heard from his God and Saviour, this enrapturiug ſentence, *Well done good and faithful ſervant, enter into the joy of your Lord!*

What a bleſſing to the world, what an honour to human nature, is a character thus "throughout ſublime?" What a bright exemplar for kings, for princes, for rulers of every name, for warriors, for farmers, for Chriſtians, for mankind? Thanks be to God for ſo rich a gift! Praiſe to his name for beſtowing it on our nation, and thus diſtinguiſhing it above all others on the globe, and let all the *people of Columbia with one voice, ſay Amen!*

Charleſtown,
January 2, 1800.

* See the "Addreſs of the General Aſſembly of the Preſbyterian Church, to the Preſident of the United States," dated Philadelphia, May 1789.

THE

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

MARCH 11. THIS evening the *Egyptian Feſtival* was performed, a new opera, by *Mr. Franklyn*. The plot conſiſts in the impriſonment of a popular chief, the temporary misfortunes of his family, their final felicity, and the juſt puniſhment of the uſurper. Theſe incidents are rather too much ſpun out; but the light and ſhade, the grave and the gay, are judiciouſly blended. The muſic, ſcenery, dreſſes, and proceſſions, are beautiful and impreſſive. *Madame Mara* was the heroine, and the novelty of the night, ſupported by the entire muſical ſtrength of the houſe. The airs aſſigned to her were exquiſite, particularly her firſt duet with *Mrs. Bland*, whoſe firſt ſong was unrivalled in tenderneſs and delicacy, and loudly encored.

Pizarro, in point of ſpectacle, boaſts nothing ſuperior to the proceſſion and viſit of the Egyptian tyrant to the feſtival. Of the ſcenes, the moſt pleaſing, are the view of the Arab camp, on fire at a diſtance, the Pharos, and the Caſtle, the blowing up of which conſtitutes the concluſion. In fine, we may obſerve, reſpecting this opera, that the colouring is exquiſite; the character is appropriate, and brilliant is the execution.

The houſe was crowded, and *Mr. Charles Kemble* announced, with applauſe, its future repreſentation.

COVENT GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 28. *Speed the Plough*, a new comedy, was

was acted here this evening, of which the following are the characters:

Farmer Aſhfield	*Mr. Knight*
Sir Philip Blandford	*Mr. Pope*
Morington	*Mr. Murray*
Sir Abel Handy	*Mr. Munden*
Young Handy	*Mr. Fawcett*
Henry	*Mr. H. Johnſton*
Gerald	*Mr. Waddy*
Evergreen	*Mr. Davenport*
Dame Aſhfield	*Mrs. Davenport*
Suſan Aſhfield	*Miſs Murray*
Lady Handy	*Mrs. Dibdin*
Emma Blandford	*Mrs. H. Johnſton.*

Sir Philip Blandford having been on the continent, returns to his caſtle in Hampſhire, with his daughter *Emma*, whom he thinks of uniting with *Bob Handy*, the ſon of *Sir Abel Handy*, who, among other whims, had produced a patent plough. This favourite inſtrument was tried among the Hampſhire farmers, a gold medal being the prize which was won by *Henry*, who lived with *Farmer Aſhfield*. *Emma* preſented *Henry* with the prize, and a mutual paſſion is conceived. *Sir Philip* rouſed by this circumſtance, inſiſted that *Aſhfield* ſhould diſmiſs *Henry*, and, at the ſame time, repreſented to *Emma* that ſhe *muſt*, on ſome account of money matters, be united to *Young Handy*.

But the intereſt of the piece ariſes from the following ſtriking incidents. *Sir Philip* ſhews his friend, *Young Handy*, the portrait of his brother, in a remote part of the caſtle, and remarks that his antipathy to *Henry* was connected with the perſon here repreſented. This brother, and *Sir Philip*, uſed to live together in great amity; but the latter falling in love with a young lady, the former excited in him the dreadful paſſion of jealouſy; for, on the day when they were to be married,

Sir

ODE TO THE ROSE.

CHILD of the ſun, mere beauty of a day,
Born in a ſmile to flouriſh and decay;
Fain would I know from whence thoſe odours ſweet
Which ſo deliciouſly our organs greet;
Say, from what ſingular extraction have they birth,
And how thus chemically analyz'd the earth?
Or doſt thou ſteal from heav'n that roſy dye?
And ope thy infant boſom's glow,
To airs celeſtial as they blow,
Fraught with the breath of angels, wafted from the ſky?

Sweet roſe, and muſt thy evaneſcent bloom,
In the ſame ſmile that bore it, find a tomb?
Yes, thou muſt to the grave thy beauties give,
Retire, and periodically live;
And only rear thy head when ſkies are fair,
Then laviſh all thy odours on the air,
And only live while Sol will deign to ſhine,
And with his ſlow-declining orb decline;
Each wanton breeze that wafts thy ſweets away,
Unnerves thy form, and aids thy ſwift decay,
Deals quick deſtruction to thy race around,
Who, bluſhing, bend their foreheads to the ground,
There joyleſs all in ſweet confuſion lie,
And ſhrouded, on their wither'd beauties die.

Evanid boaſter, offspring of a ſmile,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd excellence appears awhile,
Waving in air, fantaſtically gay
Its taſſel'd front, the quinteſſence of clay;
Where are thy odours now that balm'd the air,
Thy roſy tints, thy matchleſs verdure, where?
Widely diffus'd o'er nature's varied ſcene,
And now forgot as tho' they ne'er had been.

Like thee, ſequeſter'd in ſome rural dale,
Fain would I ſpend my fleeting hours alone,
Where roſy health, borne on each paſſing gale,
Renders thy moſſy ſeat the happier throne;

With peace and innocence to reign,
And ſolitude, ſage matron of the grove;
Each day would paſs unchequer'd ſtill with pain,
Each ſwain be virtue, and each nymph be love.

In peace and nature thus to live,
The world I could forget, the world I could forgive,
And tho' like thine, my pleaſures fleet,
Like thine they would be tranſient, like thine they
would be ſweet;
With thee I'd only live, while pleaſure's ray
Could gild with peace and innocence each day,
Unknown with thee thus flouriſh, unſeen with thee
decay.

Wolverhampton,
Auguſt 5th, 1799. CIVIS.

AN ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

SAY, penſive muſe, does ever genuine worth,
By death's cold hand extended on the bier;
Untimely torn from ev'ry tie on earth,
Claim, juſtly claim, the tribute of a tear?

Does he, whoſe gen'rous undeſigning heart
Ne'er ſtoop'd ſubmiſs to flattery's ſervile ſway;
Who e'er thro' life perform'd an upright part,
Deſerve, poor recompence, a friendly lay?

O muſe beſtow! if claims like theſe are great,
The meed on W———, who in life's fair bloom,
Struck by the wing'd, unerring ſhaft of fate,
Became the tenant of an early tomb.

Hail, bleſſed ſoul! tho' dead to mortal ſight,
Immortal now thou liv'ſt in that bleſs'd place,
Where hoſts of ſaints, with white-rob'd ſons of light,
Chaunt hymns harmonious, at the throne of grace.

Life's ſtorm ſubſided, thou haſt gain'd the ſhore,
Far, far remote from plaintive voice of woe;
Where heart-corroding cares perplex no more,
You taſte thoſe joys the world can never know.

Peace to thy duſt! much-valu'd friend, farewell!
While life's warm current circles round my frame;
Thy virtues oft ſhall faithful memory tell,
Till memory's ſelf ſuſpends her wonted reign.

R. B. W.

A

FRAGMENT.

TO THE ROBIN.

O THOU ſweet harmoniſt! whoſe mellow ſtrain
Is not by any of the feather'd train
Excell'd; whene'er I liſten to thy note,
Swelling melodious from thy ruddy throat,
I feel a ſecret charm within my breaſt;
A charm ſo exquiſite! that to be expreſt,
The poliſh'd periods of the fineſt tongue,
Or graces that to eloquence belong,
Are naught but ſilence. Not muſic can aſpire,
With all its heav'nly raptures, force, and fire,
To thy ſymphonious ſong.

October 24th, 1799. J. M.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

CYNTHIA, empreſs of the night,
Softly wav'ring, calmly bright,
On me thy mildeſt influence ſhed,
And let thy lovely beams play gently round my head.

Thy beams oft tempt me out to roam
Around my dear, my native home;
And while I wander through the mead,
My footſteps ſlow thy rays in pleaſing ſilence lead.

The pearly dew-drops glittering bright
Strike my all enraptur'd ſight,
While the far off ſounds I hear,
Play gently on and ſooth my all attentive ear.

With pleaſing wonder and ſurprize,
I view the bright illumin'd ſkies,
And pray no cloud may intervene,
To caſt a gloom ungrateful o'er the beauteous ſcene.

L. H.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

WRITTEN MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO,

BY THE REV. JOHN BOYDELL.

NOW, young man, thy days and thy glories appear,
Like ſunſhine and bloſſoms—the ſpring of thy year;
Thy vigour of body, thy ſpirits, thy wit,
Are all in perfection, and flouriſhing yet.
Now then, O now then, if ſafety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above.

Miſpend not a morning ſo bright and ſo clear;
If happineſs ever be found, it is here;
Thy noontide of life hath but little delight,
And ſorrows on ſorrows will follow at night.
Now then, &c.

That ſtrength, and thoſe beauties which grace thee to-day,
Full ſhortly will periſh, and vaniſh away;
Thy wealth, or thy pleaſures, the friends you now love,
May waſte, or deceive, or perhaps traitors prove.
Now then, &c.

Thy joints are yet pliant, thy ſinews not ſlack;
Of vigour, or ſpirits, thou yet haſt no lack;
Unwaſted by ſickneſs, a ſtranger to pain,
And thy blood with free current now flows through each vein.
Now then, &c.

But truſt me, it will not for ever be ſo,
Thoſe arms that are mighty, ſhall ſoon feeble grow,
And thoſe legs, though ſo firmly ſupporting thee now,
With age and diſeaſes will ſtagger and bow.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe features ſo lovely, ſo graceful in thee,
Deep plough'd with time's furrows ere long they ſhall be,
And thoſe that admir'd thee, and lov'd thee ſo much,
Shall loathe, and forget thou haſt ever been ſuch.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe treſſes of hair, which thy youth do adorn,
Will look like to meadows in winterly morn;
And where now intermingled appear white and red,
Wan diſeaſe ſhall ere long deadly paleneſs o'erſpread.
Now then, &c.

That forehead imperious, whereon we now view
Such ſmoothneſs and whiteneſs enamell'd with blue,
Will loſe all that dignity youth now maintains,
And change it for hollowneſs, wrinkles, and ſtains.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe ears which ſweet muſic did erſt entertain,
And charm with ſo many a delicate ſtrain,
Will miſs all thoſe pleaſures with which they're now fed,
And never hear ſong more, when youth once is fled.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe eyes which ſo many were wont to admire,
Which with winning allurements enkindled deſire,
Clos'd up in the darkneſs of age muſt remain,
And never—no never ſee mortal again.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe lips where now beauty ſo richly diſcloſes
The colour and fragrance of rubies and roſes,
Inſtead of thoſe charms, will ſuch ghaſtlineſs wear,
That none will believe once ſuch beauty was there.
Now then, &c.

Thy teeth that ſtood firmly, like pearls, in a row,
Shall looſen, decay, and diſorderly grow;
And that mouth, whoſe ſmile once, with ſuch ſweetneſs was fraught,
Will, robb'd of that ſweetneſs, be prized at nought.
Now then, &c.

Thy gait, and thy geſture, that won thee ſuch grace,
Will turn to a feeble and ſtaggering pace;
And thou, who o'er mountains ran'ſt nimbly to-day,
Will ſtumble at every rub in thy way.
Now then, &c.

All theſe imperfections old age will entail;
Thy marrow, and ſpirits, and ſinews will fail,
And nothing be left thee, when theſe are once ſpent,
To give to thyſelf, or another, content.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe fancies that lull'd thee with dreams of delight,
Will vex and alarm through the comfortleſs night;
And thou, who now ſleepeſt thy ſorrows away,
Wilt hear every cockerel give warning for day.
Now then, &c.

Then thou, who waſt lately to thouſands ſo dear,
Deſpis'd and neglected of all wilt appear,
Which when thou perceiv'ſt, though now pleaſant life be,
It then will be grievous and loathſome to thee.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe deſires which thy youth can ſo hardly reſtrain,
Will leave thee to ſorrow, diſtraction, and pain,
And then in thy folly, no joy thou wilt have,
Nor hope other reſt, than what's found in the grave.
Now then, &c.

At the cloſe of this ſcene of diſeaſe and decay,
Thy breath it ſhall fail, and thy fleſh turn to clay,
And thoſe thou haſt lov'd moſt, who ſhare all thy ſtore,
Will leave, and forget thee, and mind thee no more.
Now then, &c.

But if him thou mind'ſt not, moſt aſſuredly know,
All this is the ſlendereſt part of thy woe,
For thy ſoul to a torture, more fearful ſhall wend,
That never—no never—no never ſhall end.
Now then, O now then, if ſafety thou love,
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT ASLEEP.

SLEEP ſweetly on, thou gentle child,
From guile thy little dreams are free;
I love to view that face ſo mild,
And look with envy down on thee.

The ſmile that plays upon thy cheek,
With pleaſure and delight I trace;
So pure, ſo innocent, ſo meek,
It well might deck an angel's face!

Whilſt on thy cherub form I gaze,
And penſive watch thy cradle near;
I think upon my infant days,
And drop a ſad, a ſilent tear.

For then unvext by pain or ſtrife,
Sweet were my hours of balmy ſleep;
I dreamt not on the ills of life,
And felt not I was born to weep.

How ſwift, alas! thoſe moments fly,
Juſt like the meteor's dazzling ray;
Which gleams a moment mid the ſky,
And then in darkneſs fades away.

But, lovely babe, thy ſleep enjoy,
I would not break thy calm repoſe;
Thy dream of bliſs I'd not deſtroy,
Nor plant a thorn where blooms the roſe!

And tho' the golden viſion fade,
And thou the ills of life ſhould'ſt ſhare;
May guilt thy boſom ne'er invade,
But virtue hold her dwelling there;

Then ſhall thy ſleep as now be ſweet,
Soft ſhall thy downy pillow be;
In vain the ſtorms of life may beat,
They will not, cannot, injure thee!

SOPHIA.

THE RAINY DAY.

WHEN clouds the weſtern ſky obſcure,
And veil the radiant lamp of night;
When faſt deſcends the humid ſhow'r,
And fills the landſcape with affright;

Suffus'd the verdant carpet lies,
Each flower reclines its weeping head;
The woods and groves in broken ſighs,
A dirge-like cadence widely ſpread.

The flocks in bleating ſounds deplore
The mournful aſpect of the plains;
The feather'd choir is heard no more
To ſpread around their rapt'rous ſtrains.

The winds deep-moaning beat the air,
To vent their much-impeded force;
And, in the accents of deſpair,
Lag on their deſultory courſe.

Ah then! ſupremely bleſt are they,
Whoſe even minds in calmneſs wait
Till the drear gloom ſhall paſs away,
And nature wear her former ſtate.

Cowes. T.———

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

WHEN from the black abyſs infernal hurl'd,
By Pluto's vengeful ire,
A fury, cloth'd in liquid fire,
With breath bituminous and ſnaky wings,
Hov'ring awhile round this defenceleſs world,
Diſeaſes terrible on trembling mortals flings;
O then the doctor—ſend him, mighty Jove,
And all ye pow'rs below, and pow'rs above,
Ye flying clouds,
Ye rolling floods,
Fountains and ſtreams,
And winds and flames,

Your force unite,
To urge his flight,
E'er yet the patient's day is clos'd in endleſs night.

Thus each long minute, anxious hope conſumes,
Till (three whole hours elaps'd) Iatron comes;
Then all around,
With awe profound,
As if ſtern fate,
Suſpenſive ſate
On his imperial nod;
Each knee is bent,
Each heart intent,
To pay devouteſt homage to the idol god.

Grim death beholds with baleful eye,
And mocks, unſeen, their ſacrilegious pray'rs;
Then mutt'ring thunder to the ſky,
Thrice his ſhaft the monſter rears;
Waves it thrice amid the ſpheres,
And thrice in accents dreadful, ſwears
"As Minos lives, the ſick ſhall die."

Swifter than light th' empoiſon'd arrow's thrown,
Hark! 'tis the victim's laſt expiring groan;
Ah no! his breath,
Unaw'd by death,
An Æſculapian hand retrieves!
The ſhaft's repell'd, the patient lives!
Diſeaſe departs, by potent ſkill ſubdu'd;
And diſappointed of his ghoſt,
Gall'd death retires in ſullen mood,
To ruminate, alas! his labour loſt!
While by the ſouls of all the dead,
He vows an endleſs flood of vengeance on the Doctor's head!

"O curſt," he cries, "curſt be this dog of hell,
"That thus againſt mine honour dares rebel;
"Preſumes my ſov'reign counſels to withſtand,
"And contradicts whatever I command.
"Minion! whom all the ſons of health deteſt,
"And only by th'exanimate careſs'd,

" An haraſs'd ſlave eternal, may'ſt thou ſtrive,
" Thy herd of ſqualid vot'ries to revive !
" Still be it thine (for 'tis no eaſy part)
" To guard each avenue around the heart ;
" With reſtleſs, ceaſeleſs vigilance to guide,
" Thro' thouſand mazy tubes the crimſon tide ;
" 'Mid whelming floods to fan the vital flame,
" And health diffuſe thro' an enervate frame !
" Yet ſtill ſhall envy at thine efforts ſmile,
" And ingrate ſpite repay thy midnight toil ;
" Still each pretender to the healing name,
" Shall ſhare thy plaudits and eclipſe thy fame :
" While that ſame breaſt thy balmy ſkill reſtor'd,
" Reluctant, half-withdraws a ſcant reward !
" But, when in ſpite of all thy wily craft ;
" This arm directs a ſure, a fatal ſhaft ;
" When thy curs'd cordials will avail no more,
" And flutt'ring life recedes at every pore !
" When (glorious hour!) the *idol-god* muſt yield,
" While death, triumphant death, aſcends the field ;
" Alas ! no more thy ſuppliants circling round
" Shall bow, and cringe, and kneel, and kiſs the ground !
" The *god of yeſterday* they ſhall deſpiſe,
" And call his art but perfidy and lies,
" Pronounce him baſe, rapacious, and uncivil,
" A brute, a turk, an atheiſt, and a devil."

Stockwell. R. E.

IMPROMPTU.

THE diſtant eagle ſeems in ſize
A ſparrow—and as tardy flies—
And thus appears a ſparrow but a fly
At equal diſtance—to the human eye
Proportion'd ſpace allow,
The atom to a world will grow.

M.

AN ADDRESS.

DEAR object of each fond desire,
That love's soft pleasing pains inspire;
Source of each thought my soul can know,
Of all my joy and all my woe;

Dear maid! of ev'ry charm possest,
That wounds the captive gazer's breast;
That o'er my soul soft fetters steals,
And prompts each pang my bosom feels.

For whom, in anxious, doubtful fear,
I heave the sigh and shed the tear;
Who, in this heart thy form might see,
Which pants alone, my love, for thee!

Canst thou, my lovely charmer, say
No feelings in my bosom play?
That cold and dead my passions move,
Averse to thee, unknown to love?

Alas! too wild, without controul,
The passions riot in my soul;
And too, too fondly for its ease,
My heart can feel thy powers to please.

T.

EPIGRAM.

RUDE bards may listen through the live-long night
While Philomel her saddest music plies;
Me other birds, with other songs delight,
Pigeons, and rooks, and birds of paradise.

Then let the warbling choir distend their throats
And with mix'd music charm th' enraptur'd hearer;
But honour'd still be London's charming NOTES,
Dear to the muse—and—"*payable to Bearer.*"

Literary Review.

Travels through the States of North America, and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, during the Years 1795, 1796, *and* 1797. *By Iſaac Weld, Jun. Second Edition, illuſtrated and embelliſhed with Sixteen Plates. In Two Volumes.* Stockdale. 18s.

IN our *Half Yearly Review* we have juſt noticed this publication, but we wiſh now to give our idea of its particular nature and tendency. It is a work of merit, and has received no ſmall ſhare of public approbation.

MR. WELD is a reſident of Dublin, and viſited America with a diſtant view to emigration. He is, we underſtand, the grandſon of the Reverend Mr. Weld, who ſucceeded Dr. John Leland, the author of A View of the Deiſtical Writers, and of other valuable productions in behalf of Chriſtianity. This young traveller has not drawn a very pleaſing picture of the Americans. Equally hoſtile to their opinions and manners, he never wiſhes again to viſit their diſtant and far-famed country. In this diſpoſition we evidently perceive a degree of prejudice; for the moment he quits the United States and enters on Canada, this querulous temper is exchanged for an almoſt unqualified approbation. We are far from ſuppoſing the Americans perfect, they, no doubt, inherit their proportionate ſhare of the infirmities of mortality. Beſides, they have lately ſuffered by the quarrel between England

and France, while the yellow fever, in the mean time, has impeded their trade, exciting an univerſal terror and confuſion. Theſe circumſtances ought to be conſidered in the eſtimate we make of America; inſtead of provoking the harſhneſs of criticiſm, they merit, and will receive, from every conſiderate mind, the tenderneſs of ſympathy.

In America, immenſeneſs of territory, the want of culture and civilization, and the preſſing energies of a riſing empire, are obvious to every traveller. On theſe traits MR. WELD often deſcants with ability. He ſpeaks handſomely of the immortal WASHINGTON, and is of opinion "That the city of Waſhington will, at a future day, if the affairs of the United States go on as proſperouſly as they have done, become the grand emporium of the Weſt, and rival in magnitude and ſplendour the cities of the old world."

The inquiſitiveneſs and ſelfiſhneſs of the inhabitants of the United States, are principal grounds of complaint. The badneſs of their roads alſo is often mentioned, and is certainly a conſiderable grievance to any country. But America is at preſent in its infancy, —when it becomes "a MAN, it will put away *childiſh* things."

We ſhall be tempted to make many extracts from this work, becauſe, on the whole, it imparts much information concerning that renowned quarter of the world. The following ſketch of the author's arrival in America, and of the city of Philadelphia on the Delaware, will prove highly intereſting to the generality of our readers:

"The ſhores of the bay and of the river Delaware, for a very conſiderable diſtance upwards, are low; and they are covered, like the coaſt, with one vaſt foreſt, excepting merely in a few places, where extenſive marſhes intervene. Nothing, however, could be more pleaſing than the views with which we were entertained as we ſailed up to Philadelphia. The trees had not yet quite loſt their foliage, and the rich red and yellow

yellow tints which autumn had ſuffuſed over the leaves of the oaks and poplars, appeared beautifully blended with the ſombre green of the lofty pines; whilſt the river, winding ſlowly and ſmoothly along the under banks, reflected in its glaſſy ſurface the varied colours of the objects on ſhore, as well as the images of multitudes of veſſels of various ſizes, which, as far as the eye could reach, were ſeen gliding ſilently along with the tide. As you approach towards Philadelphia, the banks of the river become elevated; and on the left hand ſide, where they are much cleared, they are interſperſed with numberleſs neat farm-houſes, with villages and towns; and are in ſome parts cultivated down to the very edge of the water. The New Jerſey ſhore, on the right hand ſide, remains thickly wooded, even as far as the city.

"Veſſels very commonly aſcend to Philadelphia, when the wind is favourable, in twenty-four hours; but unfortunately, as our ſhip entered the river, the wind died away, and ſhe had to depend ſolely upon the tide, which flows at the rate of about three miles only in the hour. Finding that the paſſage up to the city was likely therefore to become tedious, I would fain have gone on ſhore far below it; but this the captain would not permit me to do. By the laws of Penſylvania, enacted in conſequence of the dreadful peſtilence which raged in the capital in the year 1793, the maſter of any veſſel bound for that port is made ſubject to a very heavy fine, if he ſuffers any perſon from on board her, whether mariner or paſſenger, to go on ſhore in any part of the ſtate, before his veſſel is examined by the health officer; and any perſon that goes on ſhore, contrary to the will of the maſter of the veſſel, is liable to be impriſoned for a conſiderable length of time. In caſe the exiſtence of this law ſhould not be known on board a veſſel bound for a port in Pennſylvania, it is the buſineſs of the pilot to furniſh the maſter, and the paſſengers on board, with copies of it, with which he always comes provided. The health officer, who is a regular bred phyſician, reſides at Miffliin Fort, four miles below the city, where there is a ſmall garriſon kept. A boat is always ſent on ſhore for him from the ſhip. After having been toſſed about on the ocean for nine weeks nearly, nothing could be more tantalizing than to be kept thus cloſe to the ſhore without being permitted to land.

"Philadelphia, as you approach by the river, is not ſeen farther off than three miles, a point of land covered with trees concealing it from the view. On weathering this point it ſuddenly opens upon you, and at that diſtance it looks extremely well; but on a nearer approach, the city makes a poor appearance, as nothing is viſible from the water but confuſed heaps of wooden ſtorehouſes, crowded upon each other, the chief of which are built upon platforms of artificial ground, and wharfs which project a conſiderable way into the river. The wharfs are of a rectangular form, and built of wood; they jut out in every direction, and are well adapted for the accommodation of ſhipping, the largeſt merchant veſſels being able to lie cloſe alongſide them. Behind theſe wharfs, and parallel to the river, runs Water-ſtreet. This is the firſt ſtreet which you uſually enter after landing, and it does not ſerve to give a ſtranger a very favourable opinion either of the neatneſs or commodiouſneſs of the public ways of Philadelphia. It is no more than thirty feet wide; and immediately behind the houſes, which ſtand on the ſide fartheſt from the water, a high bank, ſuppoſed to be the old bank of the river, riſes, which renders the air very confined. Added to this, ſuch ſtenches at times prevail in it, owing in part to the quantity of filth and dirt that is ſuffered to remain on the pavement, and in part to what is depoſited in waſte houſes, of which there are ſeveral in the ſtreet, that it is really dreadful to paſs through it. It was here that the malignant yellow fever broke out in the year 1793, which made ſuch terrible ravages; and in the ſummer ſeaſon, in general, the ſtreet is found extremely unhealthy. That the inhabitants, after ſuffering ſo much from the ſickneſs that originated in it, ſhould remain thus inattentive to the cleanlineſs of Water-ſtreet, is truly ſurpriſing; more eſpecially ſo, when it is conſidered, that the ſtreets in the other parts of the town are as much diſtinguiſhed for the neatneſs that prevails throughout them, as this one is for its dirty condition.

"On the level plot of ground on the top of the bank which riſes behind Water-ſtreet, the city of Philadelphia was originally laid out, and it was intended by the founder that no houſes ſhould have been erected at the bottom of it; however, as there was no poſitive law to this effect, the convenience of the ſituation ſoon tempted numbers to build there, and

and they are now encroaching, annually, on the river, by throwing wharfs farther out into the ſtream. In another reſpect alſo the original plan of the city was not adhered to. The ground allotted for it was in the form of an oblong ſquare, two miles in length, reaching from the river Schuylkill to the Delaware, and one mile in breadth. Purſuant to this ſcheme, the houſes were begun on the Delaware ſide; but inſtead of having been carried on towards the Schuylkill, the current of building has kept entirely on one ſide. The houſes extend for two miles nearly along the Delaware, but, on an average, not more than half a mile towards the Schuylkill: this is to be attributed to the great ſuperiority of the one river over the other. All the houſes built beyond the boundary line of the oblong ſquare are ſaid to be in the "Liberties," as the juriſdiction of the corporation does not extend to that part of the town. Here the ſtreets are very irregularly built, but in the city they all interſect each other at right angles, according to the original plan. The principal ſtreet is one hundred feet wide; the others vary from eighty to fifty. They are all tolerably well paved with pebble ſtones in the middle; and on each ſide, for the convenience of paſſengers, there is a footway paved with red brick.

"The houſes within the limits of the city are for the moſt part built of brick; a few, and a few only, are of wood.

"In the old parts of the town they are in general ſmall, heavy, and inconvenient; but amongſt thoſe which have been lately erected, many are to be found that are light, airy, and commodious. In the whole city, however, there are only two or three houſes that particularly attract the attention, on account of their ſize and architecture, and but little beauty is obſervable in the deſigns of any of theſe. The moſt ſpacious and the moſt remarkable one amongſt them ſtands in Cheſnut-ſtreet, but it is not yet quite finiſhed. At preſent it appears a huge maſs of red brick and pale blue marble, which bids defiance to ſimplicity and elegance. This ſuperb manſion, according to report, has already coſt upwards of fifty thouſand guineas, and ſtands as a monument of the increaſing luxury of the city of Philadelphia.

"As for the public buildings, they are all heavy taſteleſs piles of red brick, ornamented with the ſame ſort of blue marble as that already mentioned, and which but ill accord

together, unleſs indeed we except the new Bank of the United States, and the Preſbyterian Church in High-ſtreet. The latter building is ornamented with a handſome portico in front, ſupported by ſix pillars in the Corinthian order; but it is ſeen to great diſadvantage on account of the market houſe, which occupies the centre of the ſtreet before it. The buildings next to theſe, that are moſt deſerving of notice, are the State Houſe, the Preſident's Houſe, the Hoſpital, the Bettering Houſe, and the Gaol.

"The State Houſe is ſituated in Cheſnut-ſtreet; and, conſidering that no more than fifty-three years elapſed from the time the firſt cabin was built on the ſpot marked out for the city, until it was erected, the architecture calls forth both our ſurpriſe and admiration. The State Houſe is appropriated to the uſe of the legiſlative bodies of the ſtate. Attached to this edifice are the congreſs and the city-halls. In the former, the congreſs of the United States meets to tranſact buſineſs. The room allotted to the repreſentatives of the Lower Houſe is about ſixty feet in length, and fitted up in the plaineſt manner. At one end of it is a gallery, open to every perſon that chuſes to enter it; the ſtair-caſe leading to which runs directly from the public ſtreet. The Senate Chamber is in the ſtory above this, and it is furniſhed and fitted up in a much ſuperior ſtyle to that of the lower houſe. In the city hall the courts of juſtice are held, the ſupreme court of the United States, as well as that of the ſtate of Pennſylvania, and thoſe of the city.

"The preſident's houſe, as it is called, was erected for the reſidence of the preſident, before the removal of the ſeat of the federal government from Philadelphia was agitated. The original plan of this building was drawn by a private gentleman, reſident in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and was poſſeſſed, it is ſaid, of no ſmall ſhare of merit; but the committee of citizens, that was appointed to take the plan into conſideration, and to direct the building, conceiving that it could be improved upon, reverſed the poſitions of the upper and lower ſtories, placing the latter at top, ſo that the pilaſters, with which it is ornamented, appear ſuſpended in the air. The committee alſo contrived, that the windows of the principal apartments, inſtead of opening into a ſpacious area in front of the houſe, as was deſigned at firſt, ſhould face towards

wards the confined back yards of the adjoining houſes. This building is not yet finiſhed, and as the removal of the ſeat of government to the federal city of Waſhington is ſo ſhortly to take place, it is moſt probable that it will never be occupied by the preſident. To what purpoſe it will be now applied is yet undetermined. Some imagine, that it will be converted into a city hotel; others, that it will be deſtined for the reſidence of the governor of the ſtate. For the latter purpoſe, it would be unfit in the extreme, the ſalary of the governor being ſo inconſiderable, that it would not enable him to keep up an eſtabliſhment ſuitable to a dwelling of one-fourth part the ſize of it.

"The hoſpital, for its airineſs, for its convenient accommodation of the ſick and infirm, and for the neatneſs exhibited throughout every part of it, cannot be ſurpaſſed by any inſtitution of the kind in the world. The plan of the building is in the form of the letter H. At preſent but one wing and a part of the centre are finiſhed; but the reſt of the building is in a ſtate of forwardneſs. It is two ſtories high, and underneath the whole are cells for lunatics. Perſons labouring under any diſorder of body or mind are received into this hoſpital, excepting ſuch as have diſeaſes that are contagious, and of a malignant nature; ſuch patients, however, have the advice of the attending phyſicians gratis, and are ſupplied with medicine from the hoſpital diſpenſary.

"The productive ſtock of this hoſpital, in the year 1793, was eſtimated 17,065l. currency; beſides which there are eſtates belonging to it that as yet produce nothing. The ſame year, the legiſlature granted 10,000l. for enlarging the building, and adding thereto a Lying-in and Foundling Hoſpital. The annual private donations are very conſiderable. Thoſe that contribute a certain ſum have the power of electing the directors, who are twelve in number, and choſen yearly. The directors appoint ſix of the moſt ſkilful ſurgeons and phyſicians in the city to attend; there is alſo a ſurgeon and apothecary reſident in the houſe. From the year 1756, when it was built, to the year 1793 incluſive, nearly 9,000 patients were admitted into this hoſpital, upwards of 6,000 of whom were relieved or cured. The hoſpital ſtands within the limits of the city, but it is more than a quarter of a mile removed from any of the other buildings. There are ſpacious walks within the

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incloſure for ſuch of the patients as are in a ſtate of convaleſcence.

"The Bettering Houſe, which is under the care of the overſeers of the poor, ſtands in the ſame neighbourhood, ſomewhat farther removed from the houſes of the city. It is a ſpacious building of brick, with extenſive walks and gardens. The poor of the city and neighbourhood are here furniſhed with employment, and comfortably lodged and dieted. During the ſeverity of the winter ſeaſon, many aged and reduced perſons ſeek refuge in this place, and leave it again on the return of ſpring. Whilſt they ſtay there, they are under very little reſtraint, and go in and out when they pleaſe; they muſt, however, behave orderly. This inſtitution is ſupported by a tax on the town.

"The Gaol is a ſpacious building of common ſtone, one hundred feet in front. It is fitted up with ſolitary cells, on the new plan, and the apartments are all arched, to prevent the communication of fire. Behind the building are extenſive yards, which are ſecured by lofty walls. This gaol is better regulated, perhaps, than any other on the face of the globe. By the new penal laws of Pennſylvania, lately enacted, no crime is puniſhable with death, excepting murder of the firſt degree, by which is meant, murder that is perpetrated by wilful premeditated intention, or in attempts to commit rape, robbery, or the like. Every other offence, according to its enormity, is puniſhed by ſolitary impriſonment of a determined duration. Objections may be made to this mode of puniſhment, as not being ſufficiently ſevere on the individual to atone for an atrocious crime; nor capable, becauſe not inflicted in public, of deterring evil-minded perſons in the community from the commiſſion of offences which incur the rigour of the law; but on a cloſe examination, it will be found to be very ſevere; and as far as an opinion can be formed from the trial that has been hitherto made by the ſtate of Pennſylvania, it ſeems better calculated to reſtrain the exceſſes of the people than any other. If any public puniſhment could ſtrike terror into the lawleſs part of the multitude, it is as likely that the infliction of death would do it as any whatſoever: but death is diveſted of many of his terrors, after being often preſented to our view; ſo that we find in countries, for inſtance in England, where it occurs often as a puniſhment, the

the salutary effects that might be expected from it are in a great measure lost. The unfortunate wretch, who is doomed to forfeit his life in expiation of the crimes he has committed in numberless instances, look forward with apparent unconcern to the moment in which he is to be launched into eternity; his, companions around him only condole with him, because his career of iniquity has so suddenly been impeded by the course of justice: or, if he is not too much hardened in the paths of vice, but falls a prey to remorse, and sees all the horrors of his impending fate, they endeavour to rally his broken spirits by the consoling remembrance, that the pangs he has to endure are but the pangs of a moment, which they illustrate by the speedy exit of one whose death he was perhaps himself witness to but a few weeks before. A month doth not pass over in England without repeated executions; and there is scarcely a vagabond to be met with in the country, who has not seen a fellow creature suspended from the gallows. We all know what little good effect such spectacles produce. But immured in darkness and solitude, the prisoner suffers pangs worse than death a hundred times in the day: he is left to his own bitter reflections; there is no one thing to divert his attention, and he endeavours in vain to escape from the horrors which continually haunt his imagination; in such a situation the most hardened offender is soon reduced to a state of repentance.

"But punishment by imprisonment, according to the laws of Pennsylvania, is imposed not only as an expiation of past offences, and an example to the guilty part of society, but for another purpose, regarded by few penal codes in the world, the reform of the criminal. The regulations of the gaol, are calculated to promote this effect as soon as possible, so that the building, indeed, deserves the name of a penitentiary house more than that of a gaol. As soon as a criminal is committed to the prison, he is made to wash; his hair is shorn, and if not decently clothed, he is furnished with clean apparel; then he is thrown into a solitary cell, about nine feet long and four wide, where he remains debarred from the sight of every living being except his gaoler, whose duty it is to attend to the bare necessities of his nature, but who is forbidden, on any account, to speak to him without there is absolute occasion.

If

If a prisoner is at all refractory, or if the offence for which he is imprisoned is of a very atrocious nature, he is then confined in a cell secluded even from the light of heaven. This is the worst that can be inflicted upon him.

"The gaol is inspected twice every week by twelve persons appointed for that purpose, who are chosen annually from amongst the citizens of Philadelphia. Nor is it a difficult matter to procure these men, who readily and voluntarily take it upon them to go through the troublesome functions of the office without any fee or emolument whatever. They divide themselves into committees; each of these takes it in turn, for a stated period, to visit every part of the prison; and a report is made to the inspectors at large, who meet together at times regularly appointed. From the report of the committee an opinion is formed by the inspectors, who, with the consent of the judges, regulate the treatment of each individual prisoner during his confinement. This is varied according to his crime, and according to his subsequent repentance. Solitary confinement in a dark cell is looked upon as the severest usage; next, solitary confinement in a cell with the admission of light; next, confinement in a cell where the prisoner is allowed to do some sort of work; lastly, labour in company with others. The prisoners are obliged to bathe twice every week, proper conveniences for that purpose being provided within the walls of the prison, and also to change their linen, with which they are regularly provided. Those in solitary confinement are kept upon bread and water but those who labour are allowed broth, porridge, puddings, and the like: meat is dispensed only in small quantities, twice in the week. Their drink is water; on no pretence is any other beverage suffered to be brought into the prison. This diet is found, by experience, to afford the prisoners strength sufficient to perform the labour that is imposed upon them; whereas a more generous one would only serve to render their minds less humble and submissive. Those who labour, are employed in the particular trade to which they have been accustomed, provided it can be carried on in the prison; if not acquainted with any, something is soon found that they can do. One room is set apart for shoe-makers, another for taylors, a third for carpenters, and so on; and in the yards are stone-cutters, smiths, nailers, &c. &c.

"Excepting

"Excepting the cells, which are at a remote part of the building, the prison has the appearance of a large manufactory. Good order and decency prevail throughout, and the eye of a spectator is never assailed by the sight of such ghastly and squalid figures as are continually to be met with in our prisons; so far, also, is a visitor from being insulted, that he is scarcely noticed as he passes through the different wards. The prisoners are forbidden to speak to each other without there is necessity; they are also forbidden to laugh, or to sing, or to make the smallest disturbance. An overseer attends continually to see that every one performs his work diligently; and in case of the smallest resistance to any of the regulations, the offender is immediately cast into a solitary cell, to subsist on bread and water till he returns to a proper sense of his behaviour; but the dread all those have of this treatment, who have once experienced it, is such, that it is seldom found necessary to repeat it. The women are kept totally apart from the men, and are employed in a manner suitable to their sex. The labourers all eat together in one large apartment; and regularly, every Sunday, there is divine service, at which all attend. It is the duty of the chaplain to converse at times with the prisoners, and endeavour to reform their minds and principles. The inspectors, when they visit the prison, also do the same; so that when a prisoner is liberated, he goes out, as it were, a new man; he has been habituated to employment, and has received good instructions. The greatest care is also taken to find him employment the moment he quits the place of his confinement. According to the regulations, no person is allowed to visit the prison without permission of the inspectors. The greatest care is also taken to preserve the health of the prisoners, and for those who are sick, there are proper apartments and good advice provided. The longest period of confinement is for a rape, which is not to be less than ten years, but not to exceed twenty-one. For high treason, the length of confinement is not to be less than six nor more than twelve years. There are prisons in every county throughout Pennsylvania, but none as yet are established on the same plan as that which has been described. Criminals are frequently sent from other parts of the state to receive punishment in the prison of Philadelphia.

"So

"So well is this gaol conducted, that inſtead of being an expenſe, it now annually produces a conſiderable revenue to the ſtate."

We have an other extract to bring forward equally tereſting to the curioſity of a well-informed mind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Two Letters addreſſed to the Right Reverend the Lord Biſhop of Landaff, occaſioned by the Diſtinction his Lordſhip hath made between the Operation of the Holy Spirit in the Primitive Miniſters of Chriſt, and its Operation in Men at this Day, contained in an Addreſs to Young Perſons after Confirmation, which Diſtinction is ſhewn not to have any Foundation in the New Teſtament. By William Aſhdowne. Johnſon. 1s.

THIS important ſubject is here diſcuſſed with ability. The Right Reverend Prelate is treated with reſpect, and invited to an amicable diſcuſſion. Mr. Aſhdowne ſhews an intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings, and ſeems ſtudiouſly bent on the juſt interpretation of them. Though he differs from the commonly received opinion on the ſubject, yet he modeſtly aſſigns his reaſons for this deviation. The right of private judgment is unqueſtionable, and the ſober uſe of it in the pamphlet before us, entitles its author to a conſiderable degree of our approbation. Such a mode of diſputation aids the progreſs of truth and the triumphs of Chriſtianity.

Review

Review of Poetry, Ancient and Modern, a Poem. By Lady M. Booth. 2s. 6d.

(Concluded from page 216.)

OUR laſt Review announced this publication to our readers, but we were unwilling to diſmiſs it without further notice. The authoreſs has taken a tranſient ſurvey of all the poets both of ancient and modern times.

The poets among the Greeks and Romans, together with the Italian, at the revival of letters, are drawn with fidelity, and occupy the firſt part of the poem. In this catalogue are included Homer, Pindar, Heſiod, Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moſchus, Theocritus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ariſtophanes, Plautus, Terence, Ennius, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Juvenal, Perſius, Statius, Martial, Claudian, Dante, Petrarch, Arioſto and Taſſo. What a group of poets! Add to theſe the *Britiſh* poets, then we have in this poem almoſt *fourſcore* ſons of the muſes paſſing beneath our review, and their traits, diſtinguiſhed with an appropriate ſimplicity.

Our *own* poets are characteriſed with preciſion; we have ventured to tranſcribe this intereſting portion of the poem, and for its length ſhall make no apology:

Leaving now each foreign ſoil,
Turn we to thy *native iſle*;
Genius with a fonder eye
View'd nor Greece nor Italy.
Happy land by nature bleſt,
In her faireſt liv'ry dreſt!
Mild the ſuns and pure the gales
That refreſh her graſſy vales;
Her's are daughters fam'd for charms,
Her's are ſons renown'd for arms;
Not for arms alone: the mind,
By philoſophy refin'd,

Here has fathom'd truths unknown,
And each ſcience made her own.
But more learned bards muſt name
Bacon's, Newton's, Harvey's fame,
And with unremitting toil
Trace the depth of Locke and Boyle;
While I view with careleſs eye
Fairer ſcenes of poeſy.
As amid the gloom of night,
When no ſtar emits its light,
Swift the meteor's ſudden ray
Gleams a momentary day;
Thus gay *Chaucer*'s mirthful rhymes
Glittered amid barb'rous times.
Next deſcriptive *Spenſer* ſhrouds
Truth in allegory's clouds,
And in Gloriana's name
Sings Eliza's matchleſs fame.
Peerleſs *Shakeſpeare* brightly ſhone
With a ſplendour all his own:
While with eloquence divine
Nature ſpeaks thro' ev'ry line;
Scorning frigid rules of art,
He enchants the yielding heart,
O'er the ſubject paſſion reigns,
Reaſon charms, and judgment chains,
And with unreſiſted ſway,
Steals each captive ſenſe away.
Jonſon's labour'd ſcenes impart
Leſs of genius, more of art.
Join'd with *Beaumont*'s friendly name,
Fletcher gains dramatic fame:
One for brighter wit renown'd,
One for judgment more profound.
Loyal *Cowley*'s virtuous mind
Copious wit to learning join'd.
Denham in more meaſur'd lines
Britiſh poeſy refines,
Teaching in his nervous page
Skill to the ſucceeding age.

Strong deſcription, thoughts ſublime
Soaring beyond place or time,
Scenes of wonder, terror, pain,
Glow thro' *Milton*'s lofty ſtrain.
Whether his aſpiring flight
Joins the dazzling ſons of light,
Or amid the infernal reign
Meets the fall'n angelic train,
Or in Eden's bliſsful groves
With the firſt of mortals roves,
Awful grandeur ſtill is ſhewn
Unexampled, and alone.
Laviſh wit and humour gay
Crown ſarcaſtic *Butler*'s lay,
Formed to humble and deride
Zealots' hypocritic pride.
Bending with impaſſion'd mien
O'er pathetic *Otway*'s ſcene,
Sympathy with ſtreaming eye
Mourns fictitious miſery;
For ſuch touching woes are ſhown
As each breaſt muſt feel its own.
Courtly *Waller*'s poliſh'd ſtrain
Sachariſſa woo'd in vain;
Nor his genius nor his love
Could the ſcornful beauty move.
High amid the ſons of fame
View exhauſtleſs *Dryden*'s name,
Dryden, whoſe expanſive mind
Strength with harmony combin'd:
But chill poverty's controul
Oft depreſs'd his vigorous ſoul;
And indignant we ſurvey
Adulation ſtain his lay.
Philips in majeſtic ſtrain
Sings Pomona's cultur'd reign.
Wit and learning bluſhing boaſt
Smith, by vile intemp'rance loſt.
Eaſy numbers, ſmooth and gay,
Sweetly flow thro' *Parnel*'s lay.

Faſcinating beauties glow
In the graceful lines of *Rowe*.
Warmeſt praiſes *Garth* attend,
Poverty's and merit's friend.
Addiſon's enlighten'd page
Charm'd while it reform'd the age;
There philoſophy pourtray'd
Frowns in no forbidding ſhade,
And mid each perplexing care
Virtue ſhines divinely fair.
Prior ſhews how mental worth
Far excels the pride of birth;
For by talents only rais'd,
Courtiers ſought him, monarchs prais'd.
Sparkling wit's inceſſant blaze
Congreve crown'd with early bays.
Penſive *Gay* repin'd to ſee
Human hope's uncertainty;
Hope, whoſe viſions, bright as vain,
Still delude, yet ſtill enchain.
In deſpairing *Hammond*'s lines
With new grace Tibullus ſhines.
Conſtant friendſhip's ſacred flame
Still illumines *Tickell*'s name,
Which thro' life conſpicuous ſhone,
Join'd with taſte and *Addiſon*.
Savage with peculiar fate
Prov'd a barb'rous mother's hate:
From his native honours torn *,
Doom'd to calumny and ſcorn,
Still o'er his devoted head
Want her baneful influence ſhed:
Yet with a reſplendent ray
Genius cheer'd his rugged way,
And when long thro' ſorrows led
Life's indignant ſpirit fled,
Generous pity ſoftening blame,
Gave him to eternal fame.

* The Earldom of Macclesfield.

Bright

Bright was *Swift*'s meridian pride,
Harley's friend, and Ireland's guide:
Horrid o'er his cloſing ſcene
Gloom'd pale frenzy's haggard mien.
Thus like beauty's fragile prime
Stronger wit muſt yield to time.
Where does fleeting bliſs then reſt?
Only in religion's breaſt.—
Brilliant fancy, judgment clear,
Melody beyond compeer,
Quick intelligence of mind,
Reaſon ſtrong, and thought refin'd,
All that genius, all that art
Can of magic force impart,
Varied beauties to diſplay
Meet in *Poſe*'s enchanting lay.
Liſtening to the tuneful ſtrain
Livid envy frowns in vain,
While warm admiration pays
Tributes of ecſtatic praiſe.
By luxuriant *Thomſon* led
Fancy climbs the mountain's head;
Wanders by pale Cynthia's light
Mid the polar half-year's night,
Where refulgent meteors glow
O'er perpetual hills of ſnow;
Shuddering from th' impending ſteep
Views th' unfathomable deep:
Or recoiling from the ſight,
Turns where ſofter ſcenes invite:
Mid the foreſt's cool retreat
Shuns the noontide's ſcorching heat;
Or in the tranſlucent wave
Seems the fervid limbs to lave;
Or mid Afric's ſunny vales
Breathes the aromatic gales,
While the dazzld eyes ſurvey
Scenes, exuberantly gay.
Shenſtone mid his lov'd retreat
Sung Alcides' lofty fate;

How in early youth his mind
Pleaſure's faithleſs lures declin'd,
And by hardy virtue train'd,
Deathleſs bliſs, and glory gain'd.
Sweetly flow the ſolemn ſtrains
When deſponding *Young* complains,
Mourning, midnight's deepeſt gloom,
Fair Narciſſa's early doom:
Young, who erſt ſevere and gay
Shone in ſatire's daring lay.
Akenſide in colours warm
Paints imagination's charm.
Careleſs *Churchill*'s vigorous mind
Pours his ſatire unconfin'd.
Goldſmith's winning lines impart
Soft benevolence of heart.
Where the moon with glimmering ray
Lights the church-yard's lonely way,
By pale contemplation led,
Moral *Gray* delights to tread.
Maſon with inſtructive lay
Warns th' ambitious, fair, and gay,
While o'er beauty's ſable bier
Admiration drops a tear.
Senſe, by ſtudious thought refin'd,
Critic taſte, with candour join'd,
Strong diſcernment, juſt and clear,
Graceful diction, truth ſevere,
Piety's ſeraphic flame
Mark enlighten'd *Johnſon*'s name.

The eaſe and gracefulneſs of theſe lines, together with the information they convey, render this extract peculiarly acceptable to the reader of taſte and ſenſibility. It preſents him with a ſucceſſion of portraits (in all thirty-ſix) which, by their accuracy, charm the imagination and impreſs the heart.

The whole poem concludes with a beautiful eulogium on Sacred Poetry—on account of its brevity and expreſſion it is here added:

Leaving fancy's tuneful train,
Beauties more ſublime remain,
Where the holy ſeers of yore
Pour prophetic wiſdom's lore,
And to wrapt devotion prove
Heaven's unceaſing truth and love.
Whether glowing hymns reveal
Royal David's fervent zeal,
Or Iſaiah's lofty mind
Threats the ruin of his kind,
Or in ſofter, ſweeter ſtrain,
Jeremiah tells his pain,
While his ſad laments deplore
Sion's priſtine greatneſs o'er,
Peerleſs glories thro' each line
Prove the origin divine.
O may each celeſtial truth
Influence thy tender youth,
Teach thee every vice to ſhun
That has hapleſs man undone,
And thro' error's tenfold night
Lead thee to eternal light!

Columbus, or the Diſcovery of America, as related by a Father to his Children, and deſigned for the Inſtruction of Youth. In Two Volumes. Tranſlated from the German of J. H. Campe, Author of the New Robinſon Cruſoe. By Elizabeth Helme. Law.

THE diſcovery of the Weſtern Continent, by Columbus, was a wonderful exploit, and drew in its train ſome very important conſequences. The incidents that befel this adventurous navigator, are here pleaſingly related, by being thrown into a dialogue, which enlivens the attention and gratifies the imagination. Such a mode of writing ſecures a pleaſing variety. The tranſlator thus ſpeaks for herſelf.

"To

"To impreſs the minds of the riſing generation with fortitude and patience under misfortune, and to implant a firm reliance on Providence, are the leading features of this work, and which the author illuſtrates not only by the conduct of Columbus, but by his own feelings.

It is then added—"For an endeavour to diſperſe ſentiments like theſe, the tranſlator can make no apology, and can only wiſh that her power equalled her inclination to impreſs them in indelible characters on the minds of the riſing generation."

Inſtructive Rambles extended in London and the adjacent Villages, deſigned to amuſe the Mind and improve the Underſtanding of Youth. By Elizabeth Helme. In Two Volumes. Newbery.

FROM the preface to this little work, we learn that theſe two volumes are a continuation of a former production, which was favourably received by the public. The nature and execution of the plan cannot fail of enſuring approbation.

LONDON is the greateſt and wealthieſt city in the world. Its hiſtory, therefore, involves ſome very curious anecdotes, which are both amuſing and inſtructive. Theſe are collected together by Mrs. Helme, and pleaſingly detailed for the uſe of the riſing generation.

The

The Chemical Pocket Book, or Memoranda Chemica; arranged in a Compendium of Chemiſtry, according to the lateſt Diſcoveries, with Bergman's Table of Single Elective Attractions, as improved by Dr. G. Pearſon, calculated as well for the Occaſional Reference of the Profeſſional Student, as to ſupply others with a General Knowledge of Chemiſtry. By James Parkinſon. Symonds. 5s.

THE difficult but important ſcience of chemiſtry, receives from the moderns every poſſible degree of cultivation. Characters of the firſt eminence in the republic of letters, have devoted themſelves to its inveſtigation, and their diſcoveries will claim the admiration of poſterity. The indefatigable author of the preſent work, has concentrated *theſe* diſcoveries; and no individual can peruſe the volume, without applauding the induſtry and ingenuity by which its pages are diſtinguiſhed. The acquiſition of this branch of knowledge is here facilitated, and its principles rendered of almoſt univerſal ability.

This epitome embraces an immenſe variety of ſubjects, arranged and illuſtrated with peculiar felicity. Technical phraſes are explained, and the quality of the ſeveral ſubſtances properly detailed. We, ourſelves once attended a courſe of chemical lectures, and the peruſal of this production freſhened the recollection of the many pleaſing experiments we witneſſed. We ſhall only therefore add, that the work is entitled to our recommendation. Its ſtatements are ſcientific and truly beneficial is its tendency.

To ſelect any portion of this Compendium, would be diſturbing the arrangement which has been adopted. We ſhall, therefore, only tranſcribe from the preface the words of its reſpectable author, which fully explain the nature of the publication.

"The

"The following assemblage of chemical facts was formed with the hope of rendering it an agreeable *pocket companion* for the lovers of chemistry in general, and more particularly so for those who may be just engaging in the study of this most useful and interesting science. To the latter the author hoped it might be more particularly beneficial; like a bird's-eye view to a traveller, furnishing a general view of the relation and connection of the several parts of that region which is soon to become the object of a nearer and closer investigation."

"It is hardly necessary to acknowledge the obligations to the various labours of *Bergman*, *Fourcroy*, *Lavoisier*, *Chaptal*, *Kirwan*, *Pearson*, *Babington*, &c. as they must appear on the face of the work. To the Transactions of the Royal Society; to that excellent periodical account of philosophical and chemical discoveries, the Philosophical Journal of *Mr. Nicholson*; to the Medical and Physical Journal, and to the Philosophical Magazine, he is also indebted; but his acknowledgments would be endless, since he has endeavoured to obtain aid from all around him. Like the *bee*, he has roved freely in search of materials; happy shall he esteem himself, if he shall faintly have imitated its skill in their selection and arrangement."

A Narrative of what passed at Killala, in the County of Mayo, and the Parts adjacent, during the French Invasion in the Summer of 1798. *By an Eye Witness.* Wright.

THIS Narrative is the production of the good Bishop of Killala, who was taken prisoner by the enemy on their first landing, and continued for some time in their possession. Of course, this pamphlet must be very interesting, and it has contributed much to our amusement. The French having been defeated by our troops,

troops, we may now ſmile at the invaſion; this is the caſe with the Prelate before us, who ſometimes ſuffers his gravity to be diſturbed by the unnatural mixture of the *French* and *Iriſh*, forming a moſt heterogeneous ſubject of contemplation.

We here find a faithful detail of the tranſactions which took place in an obſcure part of Ireland, and which once bore a threatening aſpect towards the government of the country. The Biſhop muſt have been in great jeopardy, and he muſt have received his deliverance with ſenſible emotions of joy. The French and Iriſh, on the whole, behaved to his Lordſhip exceedingly well. At leaſt his ſituation was extremely dangerous, and at times almoſt incompatible with any degree of ſafety. The name of the Biſhop is *Stock*, but the Dean alſo, whoſe name was Thompſon, diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion. He, however, died at Caſtlebar, of a nervous fever, the next year; and the Prelate has the following beautiful apoſtrophe to his memory:

"Myſterious are the ways of Divine Providence! Unfathomable the depths of that wiſdom which often concedes a boon only to try us afterwards by withdrawing it! Little didſt thou foreſee, amiable and unhappy woman, that the huſband, whoſe eſcape from that peril tranſported thee with ſo much joy and gratitude to heaven, ſhould, in the ſucceeding year, be torn for ever from thee by a fever, contracted in the courſe of his miniſtry, by attendance on a ſick bed! Be comforted, however. His virtues, though in the mid ſeaſon of life, had rendered him full ripe for the great harveſt. Thou haſt it in thy power to earn a ſplendid recompence hereafter, by patience, by attention to thy fatherleſs offſpring!"

Rambler

Rambles through Ireland, by a French Emigrant. In Two Volumes. Tranſlated from the French of Monſieur de Latoinaye. By an Iriſhman. Robinſon.

AFTER the uſual manner of the French, this author ſkims over his ſubject by a few incidental obſervations reſpecting the general condition and appearance of Ireland. A ſlight ſketch is given of its cities and towns, nor do we anywhere meet with much original information. Mr. Twiſs, however, a former peregrinator throught his country, is made the ſubject of many critical remarks, and ſometimes becomes the the occaſion of merriment. Travellers are perpetually contradicting one another, their *topics*, indeed, ſo vary at different times and in different places, that the ſame objects, cameleon-like, ſeldom preſerve an uniformity of appearance. Be this as it may, we ſincerely wiſh diſtracted Ireland every ſpecies of happineſs and proſperity. Her late tumults are abhorrent to the feelings of humanity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines on the *Death of Waſhington*, in our Number for April, and alſo *William of the Dale*, but the other pieces by the ſame hand do not ſuit us.

Brutus ſhall be inſerted, and alſo the *Eſſay on the Deſire of Knowledge*, from a female pen, with which we were much pleaſed. The *Anecdotes* ſhall have a place, though we wiſhed them to poſſeſs a greater degree of novelty. We are obliged to *Sophia* for her valuable communication; the ballad by her and her friend, ſhall appear in the next Number of our MISCELLANY. Pieces of ſuperior merit, either in proſe or poetry, ſhall always receive from us an early attention.

Hall. sculp.

August von Kotzebue.

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